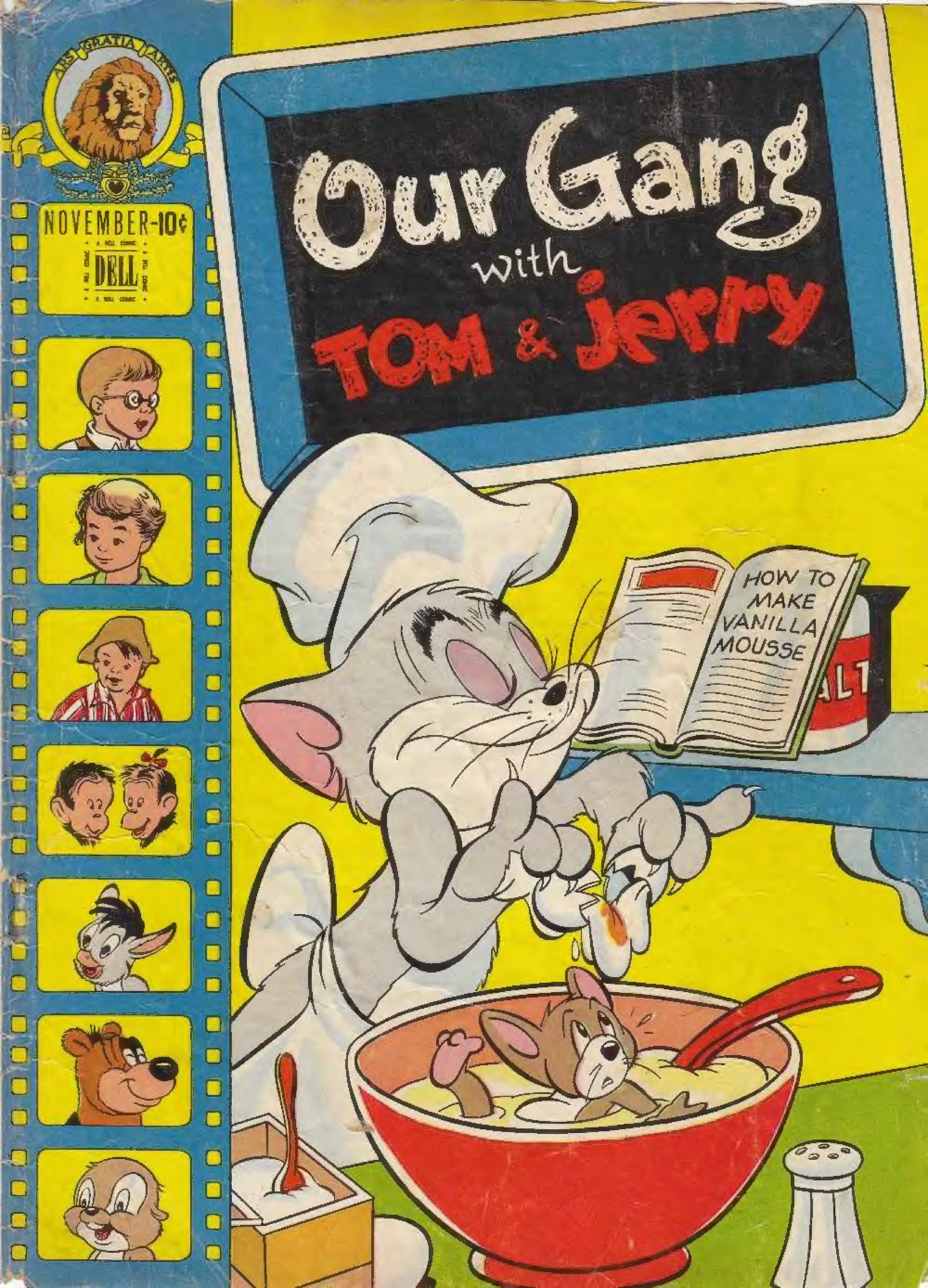

ARS GRATIA ARTIS
NOVEMBER-10¢
A DELL COMIC
DELL
A DELL COMIC
Our Gang
with
TOM & Jerry
HOW TO MAKE VANILLA MOUSSE

TOM AND JERRY

THE CAT CHORAL SOCIETY IS GIVING A RECITAL ON THE BACK FENCE TONIGHT. ID BETTER LOOSEN UP THE OLD VOCAL CORDS A BIT!

ME-ME ME- MEOWWW!!

HOLY CATS!!- HOW CAN ANYONE SLEEP WITH A RACKET LIKE THAT GOING ON!

WOW!! MY POOR OLD EARS!

I'LL TRY THIS ONE!-

TIME ON MY HANDS

TIME ON MY HANDS

TIME ON MY HANDS.

ME? MY HANDS

OKAY!- A BIG PUSH!!

HEAVE-HO!

NOTHING BUT TIME ON MY HANDS-

BONG

SORRY, OLD THING! -BUT TIME ON YOUR HEAD IS THE BEST WE COULD DO!

YEH!- TIME AND A LUMP!

BONG! BONG

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MGM presents

OUR GANG

DON'T FORGET TO LET GO OF THE SHOT, EGGHEAD.

TEAR OUT ABOUT FORTY YARDS FOR A PASS, RED.

OKAY, BUCKY, THAT'S ENOUGH— I WANT THE SQUAD TOGETHER.

BOYS, OUR TRACK MEET WITH CENTER HIGH WILL BE TOUGH. WE LOST OUR BEST CROSS COUNTRY MAN YESTERDAY WHEN JOE THOMPSON CAUGHT THE FLU...THAT MEANS WE OUGHT TO TRANSFER A MILER TO THE C.C. WHO WANTS TO TRY IT?

I'D LIKE TO, COACH. I KNOW THE ROUTE THROUGH THE WOODS AND I'VE RUN OVER IT IN PRETTY GOOD TIME.

GOOD! I WOULDN'T ASK IT EXCEPT WE'LL NEED THOSE CROSS COUNTRY POINTS...TAKE YOUR SHOWERS NOW.

HI, JANEY, THE CROSS COUNTRY HAS A CHANCE NOW; BUCKY'S GOING TO RUN IT.

GREAT—WE JUST HAVE TO BEAT CENTER... FEENEY IS UNBEARABLE SINCE HE WAS MADE MANAGER OF THEIR TEAM.

SEE YOU AT THE POP SHOP

GOOD!

HI, KATE! BUCKY'S GOING TO RUN THE CROSS COUNTRY, AND—

PSSST!

The POP Shop

LET'S GO INSIDE BEFORE YOU SAY ANY MORE — THAT'S FEENEY FROM CENTER OVER THERE AND HE'S SNOOPING AROUND FOR INFORMATION.

CENTER'S IN FOR A SURPRISE! THEY THOUGHT WITH JOE THOMPSON OUT, THE C.C WOULD BE A BREEZE FOR THEM.

BUT BUCKY'S BETTER AT LONG DISTANCES THAN ANYTHING ELSE—HE'S AS GOOD AS ANYBODY ON CENTER'S SQUAD AND IF—

PSSST! KEEP TALKING BUT DON'T SAY ANYTHING IMPORTANT.

AND IF IT DOESN'T RAIN THE TRACK WILL BE DRY FOR THE HURDLES AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT—

YEOWTCH!

KLUNK

ALL RIGHT, BRIGHT EYES, WHO DID THAT!?

MY GOODNESS, WHO IS THIS?

SOMEBODY DUMPED A GLASS OF WATER ON ME—IF YOU WERE FELLAS I'D SOCK YOU!

MY, MY, WHAT A BIG MOUTH YOU HAVE, GRANDMA!

TSK, TSK!

HEY!

AW, I OUGHT TO WHACK YOU ONE ANYWAY—OOP!

NOW, BRAIN TRUST, YOU CAN FORK OVER FORTY CENTS FOR TWO SUNDAES!

YAHOO—HE ONLY GOT ONE—WHEE HOO!

LET'S SHOVE OFF, NIFTY, I HAVE A PLAN.

YOU TOOK A BEATIN' TOO—I SAW IT ALL THROUGH THE WINDOW

The POP Shop

NOT HALF THE BEATING THAT THEY ARE GOING TO TAKE—ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PUT BUCKY OFF THE TEAM.

OH SURE—THAT'S EASY—WE'LL FLUNK HIM IN ANCIENT HISTORY AND MATH.

YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT YOUR GAG COMES CLOSE TO WHAT WE'LL DO—WE'LL JUST TYPE UP A NOTICE TO BUCKY FROM HIS PRINCIPAL, MR. WATTERS, TO REPORT TO HIM TOMORROW.

FOOEY!

MR. WATTERS WON'T SEE IT YOUR WAY—HE'LL SEND BUCKY OUT TO RUN IN THE C.C.

MR. WATTERS WON'T BE THERE! HE'S GONNA GET A PHONE CALL TO COME HOME—BUCKY WILL HAVE TO WAIT. NOBODY WILL TELL HIM DIFFERENT.

WE'LL USE MY DAD'S TYPEWRITER.

YEAH—BUT THE PAPER! YOU OUGHT TO USE WESTERN HIGH'S OFFICE PAPER.

AW NUTS—WOULD YOU NOTICE THAT IF YOU GOT A NOTICE TO APPEAR BEFORE YOUR PRINCIPAL?

I GUESS NOT.

WITH NO CLASSES TOMORROW THE SCHOOL OFFICE WILL STILL BE OPEN, AND BUCKY WILL WAIT AROUND ALL DAY—WE'LL LEAVE THE NOTE WITH HIS MOTHER.

THIS IS FROM MR. WATTERS, THE PRINCIPAL? ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE IT TO BUCKY.

THANK YOU.

A NOTE FOR YOU—SOME BOYS BROUGHT IT. THEY SAID IT WAS FROM MR. WATTERS.

THAT'S QUEER.

DEAR BUCKY:
PLEASE REPORT TO MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY AT 9 A.M. TOMORROW MORNING.
MR. WATERS.

GOLLY, MOM, THAT WILL INTERFERE WITH THE TRACK MEET.. WHAT COULD HE WANT ME FOR?

WAIT A SECOND— MR. WATTERS DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO SPELL HIS OWN NAME!

THE NOTE HAS ONLY ONE "T" IN HIS NAME— AND WOULD HE SAY NINE A.M. IN THE MORNING? A.M. MEANS MORNING.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A FAKE, MOM— WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WELL, I NOTICED THE NOTE IS NOT ON SCHOOL PAPER—IS THERE ANYONE WHO'D WANT YOU OUT OF THE MEET?

THAT MUST BE IT—WHO BROUGHT THE NOTE?

LET'S SEE—IT WAS A CURLY-HAIRED BOY WITH A LARGE PUG NOSE. HE WORE A BLACK SLIPOVER SWEATER.

THAT COULD BE RED OR FEENEY—BUT YOU KNOW RED—SO IT MUST HAVE BEEN FEENEY—I'LL CALL RED.

IS THAT SO, BUCKY? I WAS JUST GOING TO CALL YOU—JANEY FOUND OUT SOMETHING PRETTY IMPORTANT, TOO.

SHE SPOTTED FEENEY AND NIFTY LEAVING YOUR HOUSE... SHE TAILED THEM TO A DRUG STORE AND HEARD THEM TALKING ON THE PHONE— THEY HAVE ANOTHER PLAN TO KEEP YOU OUT IN CASE THIS NOTE TRICK DOESN'T WORK

THEY'RE MEETING A COUPLE OF OTHER BIRDS ABOUT NOW NEAR THE OLD WIGGIN'S HOUSE BY THE CROSS COUNTRY COURSE.

I'LL SEE YOU ON THE CORNER IN FIVE MINUTES.

WE OUGHT TO GET EGGY AND GIVE THEM A GOIN' OVER

NAW—WE CAN'T AFFORD TROUBLE— IF IT GOT NOISED ABOUT, WE MIGHT ALL BE THROWN OUT OF THE MEET IF NOT SUSPENDED FROM SCHOOL.

WELL, THERE'S ONE ENCOURAGING THING— THEY EVIDENTLY THINK PRETTY WELL OF MY CHANCES TOMORROW.

SURE THEY DO— THEY'RE SCARED SKINNY—IF THEY LOSE THE CROSS COUNTRY THEY LOSE THE MEET.

DUCK! THERE THEY ARE, IN FRONT OF THE OLD HOUSE.

GUESS ONE OF 'EM COULDN'T SHOW UP— LOOK. THEY HAVE ROLLS OF WIRE WITH 'EM.

THERE THEY GO.

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'RE GOING TO DO WITH THE WIRE?

IF I GUESS RIGHT IT'S TO STRING ACROSS THE PATH OF THE RUN SO'S TO TRIP YOU TOMORROW.

THEN, IF YOU HAVEN'T BROKEN A LEG, THEY PROBABLY INTEND TO JUMP OUT ON YOU AND SLOW YOU UP ENOUGH SO'S CENTER'S SQUAD WOULD COP FIRST PLACE.

WHY, THAT'S STUPID— I'D PROTEST IT!

SURE, AND WHO'D BELIEVE YOU? IT WOULD SOUND LIKE SOUR GRAPES — HOLD IT, THEY'RE STOPPING.

THEY'RE STRINGING THE WIRES ALL RIGHT... WONDER IF I CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO SNEAK ONE OF THEIR COILS OF WIRE?

PROB'LY— WHAT FOR?

I'LL TELL YOU WHEN I GET IT.

NOW HOW ABOUT PUTTING ONE UP FARTHER IN CASE HE MISSES THIS?

GOOD IDEA.

HA! YOU GOT IT— I THINK I KNOW WHAT FOR—GONNA TURN THE TABLES?

RIGHT— LET'S GET BACK DOWN THE TRAIL.

HERE'S A GOOD SPOT—SNUB IT AROUND THAT TREE AND HOLD THE END—I'LL DO THE SAME ON THIS SIDE ..

I GET IT—WE GET 'EM TO RUN DOWN HERE. THEY TRIP AND FALL INTO THE MUD HOLE— I LET GO OF THE WIRE AND YOU HAUL IT AWAY—WE BOTH DISAPPEAR AND THEY WONDER WHAT HIT 'EM.

RIGHT...

PSSST—AND THERE'S OUR BAIT—THE FOURTH GUY, JIGGER WITSON—GET A MUD BALL HANDY—WE'LL LET HIM HAVE IT—HE'LL HOLLER—AND WHAMMO!

GREAT—HE SHOWED UP JUST IN TIME.

GEE WHIZ—WHERE'D THOSE GUYS GO? OH, THERE'S SOME MOVEMENT—HELLO, FELLOWS.

OH, FELLOWS! OH— FOOWP!

YEOW! WHO DID THAT!? WHERE'S FEENEY? HEY! YEOW!

THAT'S JIGGER WITSON— COME ON—MAYBE WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED.

HELP! HEY—I'M BLIND!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, JIGGER? NOBODY'S TOUCHIN' YOU!

HEY—WHAT—HEY!

WHAT HAPPENED—? WITSON, WE'LL KILL YOU!

HO-HO— WITH THE WIRE PULLED AWAY THEY WON'T SUSPECT WHAT HAPPENED—NOW TO CRAWL AWAY AND MEET RED.

NICE WORK, BUCKY!

GOOD HUNTING!

THAT BUNCH SHOULD REALLY BE FIXED BETTER THAN THAT THOUGH—ANYBODY THAT'LL TRY TO WIN A TRACK MEET BY SUCH MEANS SHOULD BE GIVEN THEIR LUMPS— BUT GOOD!

SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA—YOUR COUSIN BILL IS ABOUT YOUR SIZE AND LOOKS A LOT LIKE YOU

INDUBITABLY— HE'S EXTREMELY HANDSOME

WELL, HOW ABOUT HIM DRESSING IN A TRACK SUIT TOMORROW AND RUNNING THROUGH THE WOODS AHEAD OF THE SQUAD.

THE CENTER CROWD WOULD TRIP **HIM**— THINK IT WAS ME AND CART HIM OFF TILL THE REST OF THE RUNNERS WENT BY! LET'S GO GET BILL.

THAT'S THE STORY, BILL WILL YOU DO IT?

ABSOROOTINTOOTLY, I'LL DO IT!

NEXT DAY.. TWO OF THE CENTER CROWD LIE IN WAIT FOR BUCKY TO COME BY LEADING THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

FEENEY'S DOWN AT THE FIELD— BUT WE'LL TAKE CARE OF BUCKY

YEAH, SKEETER—BUCKY DIDN'T SHOW UP AT THE SCHOOL OFFICE—LOOKS LIKE HE DIDN'T FALL FOR IT...THIS GAG WILL HAVE TO WORK

WE'RE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE WOODS NOW, BILL. YOU JUST TROT IN AND FALL OVER THE LINE—KATE AND I WILL TRY TO GET PICTURES OF THOSE KIDS IF THEY JUMP YOU.

RIGHT.

I'LL HAVE TO MAKE MY FALL OVER THE WIRE CONVINCING—THEN IF THOSE BIRDS JUMP ON ME I'LL HOLD 'EM SO THE GIRLS CAN GET THEIR FACES.

COME ON. SKEETER

HERE WE GO!

WHAT A DIRTY TRICK TO STRING THAT WIRE— NOW I'M SORE!

GRAB HIM, NIFTY!

HE GRABBED ME!

THAT'S IT! GET HIM DOWN!

YOU GET THE PICTURES, KATE— I'M GONNA HELP BILL

GO TO IT

HOLD HIM! HOLD HIM, SKEETER!

I'M DOIN' MY BEST— HURRY UP!

THERE, I GOT THAT SHOT OF BOTH THEIR FACES

BEAT IT, NIFTY— IT'S A TRAP!

COME ON— GET 'EM! LIVE EVIDENCE WILL BE BETTER

YOWP! IT'S THE OTHER WIRE WE STRUNG!

GET UP QUICK, SKEETER!

GOT SKEETER!

TAKE THE WIRES DOWN, JANEY, THE C.C. RUNNERS WILL BE ALONG—LET'S HOPE BUCKY'S OUT IN FRONT

THAT NIFTY CHARACTER SHOULD HAVE GONE OUT FOR THE 100 YARD DASH

GOLLY, A CENTER MAN IS LEADING THE PACK!

SEE THAT, SKEETER? YOU STOOD A CHANCE OF WINNING SQUARE.

THE CENTER GUY LOOKS PUZZLED—BUT HE'S RUNNIN' A GOOD RACE.

THERE'S ONLY A HALF MILE MORE—IT'LL BE A HOT FINISH

BUCKY'S GOT IT FIGURED ABOUT RIGHT—HE'S TAILING THE CENTER RUNNER AND SHOULD TRY TO PASS HIM SOMEWHERE IN THE LAST QUARTER.

I'LL FIX THAT SMART BUNCH — THIS POLE WILL TRIP HIM JUST AS GOOD AS ANYTHING!

HEY—WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOIN'?

I SAW THAT, BUCKY— YOU CAN PROTEST THE MEET— I'LL BACK YOU UP

NOT YET— I THINK I CAN CATCH THAT FELLOW OUT FRONT EVEN SO— I'M SURE HE'S HONEST— THIS OTHER BUSINESS IS FEENEY'S WORK

13

MAN—LOOK AT HIM GO!

HERE THEY COME— IF BUCKY TAKES IT WESTERN WILL WIN THE MEET BY TWO POINTS.

YEOW! BUCKY!

THAT DID IT! YOU CLINCHED THE MEET FOR US, BUCKY!

WHAT A FINISH! WHAT A FINISH!

BILL AND THE GIRLS TOOK A SHORT CUT BACK AND HAVE ALREADY SEEN MR. WATERS AND THE CENTER SCHOOL PRINCIPAL. SKEETER CONFESSED AND NAMED FEENEY AND NIFTY.

YEAH — I HEARD ABOUT IT.

THANKS TO YOU, BUCKY, WE WON WITHOUT BENEFIT OF A PROTEST— BUT NO MATTER HOW IT TURNED OUT, FEENEY AND HIS HELPERS WOULD HAVE LOST.

FUNNY THING IS, THEY HAD A GOOD CHANCE FOR THE MEET WITHOUT ALL THAT FUNNY BUSINESS

THAT'S HOW SOME PEOPLE ARE, AFRAID TO GO INTO ANYTHING UNLESS THEY TIP THE BALANCE IN THEIR OWN FAVOR.. LET'S GET TO THE SHOWER

MEDALS FOR ALL HANDS, COMMODORE

OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

TOM & JERRY

MGM PRESENTS

HMM! - LOOKS LIKE THE SPARE ROOM IS GOING TO GET PAINTED!

THERE'S A LOT OF TALK LATELY ABOUT HOW USELESS CATS ARE - I THINK I'LL PUT AN END TO THAT IDEA, ONCE AND FOR ALL!

I'LL HAVE THIS ROOM ALL NICELY PAINTED BY THE TIME THE FAMILY RETURNS!

FIRST - I'LL MIX IT WELL, JUST TO SHOW HOW PROFESSIONAL I AM!

TA-TA-DE-DY-DA THINGS ARE GOING VERY SMOOTHLY! ALMOST TOO SMOOTHLY!

ALMOST FINISHED! - IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG WHEN YOU KNOW YOUR STUFF!

NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING! - OLD TOM WORKING!

-AND RAPIDLY PAINTING HIMSELF INTO A CORNER! HAW-HAW!

THE ROOM LOOKS TOO BARE! MAYBE WE CAN DECORATE IT A BIT FOR HIM!

GOT ANY IDEAS?

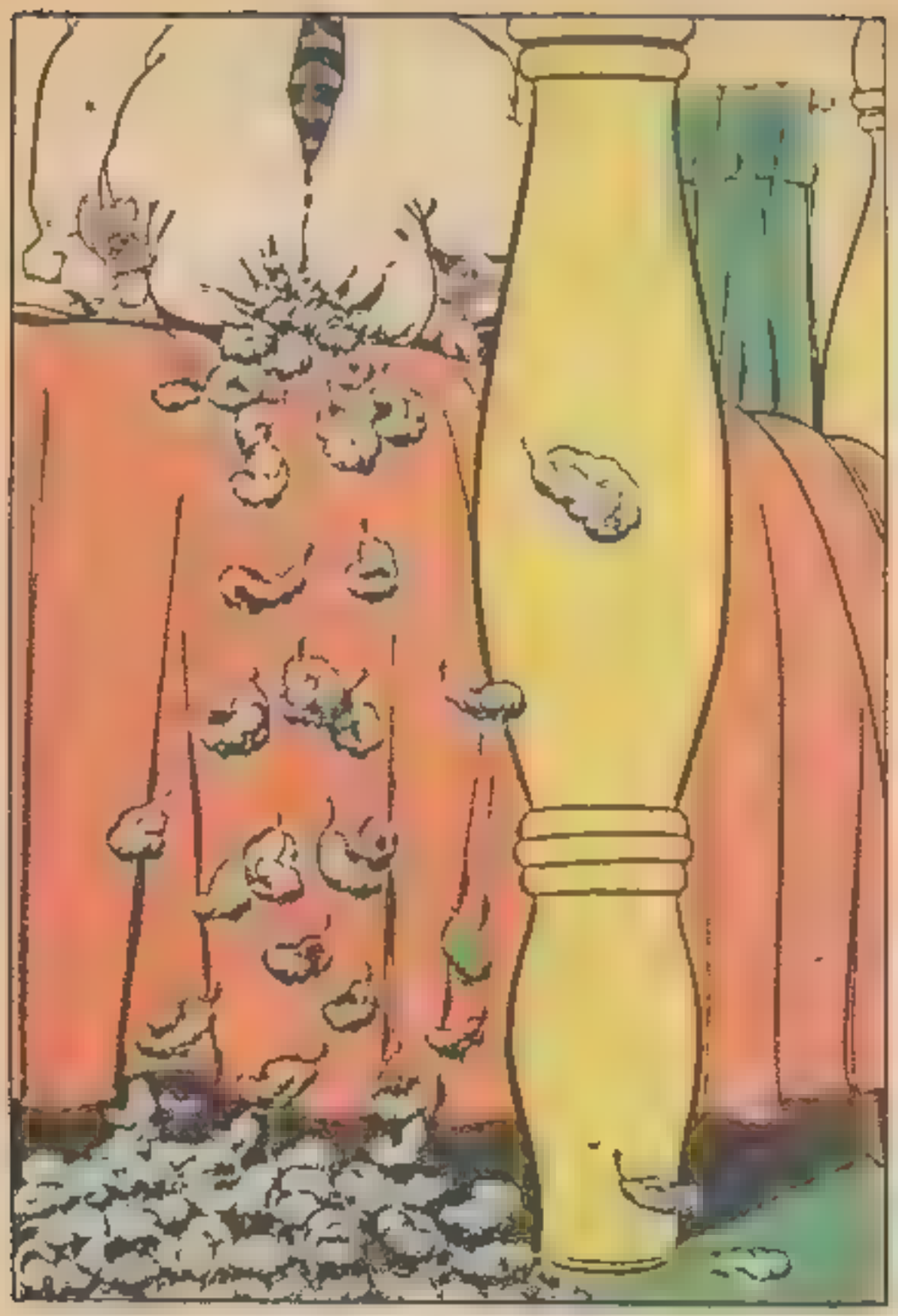
UP ON THE BED WE GO!

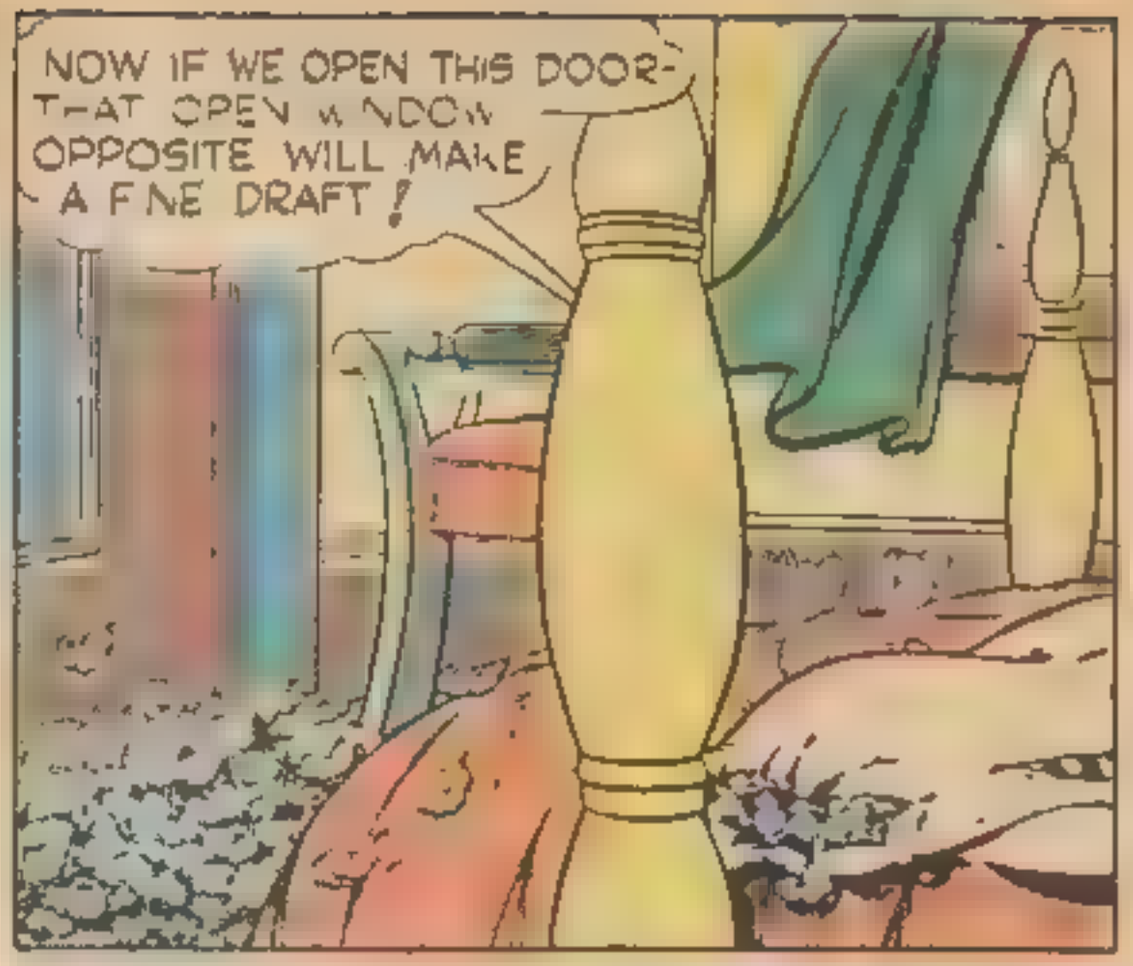
THIS PILLOW IS FULL OF NICE FLUFFY FEATHERS - LET'S SEE IF WE CAN BITE A HOLE IN IT!

THERE! - THAT'S A LARGE ENOUGH HOLE!

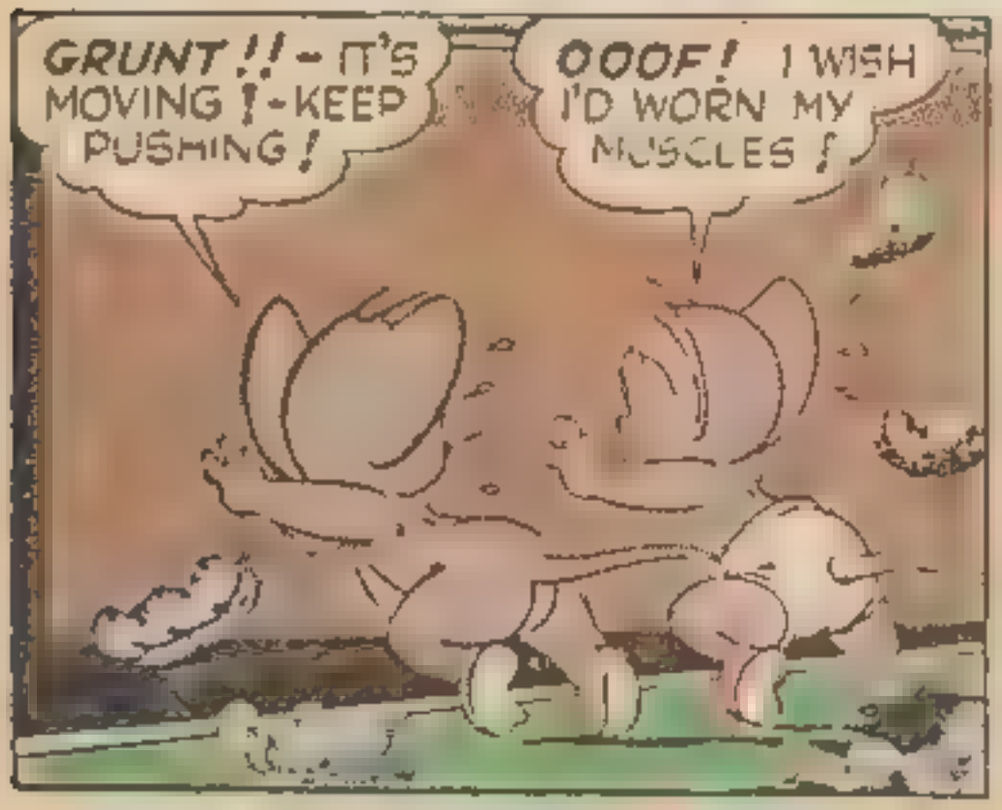
HEY! - LOOK, JERRY! - IT FLIES!!

NOW WE'LL JUST EMPTY THE FEATHERS ON THE FLOOR, NEAR THE DOOR!

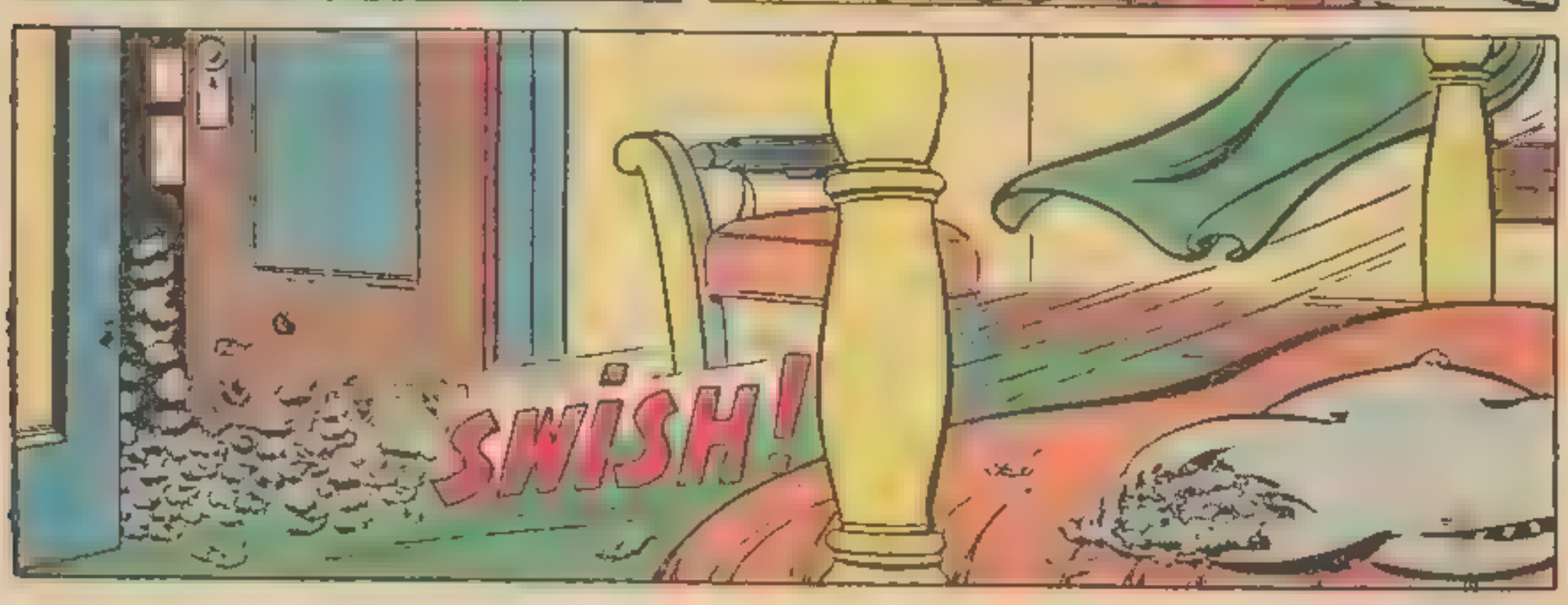



NOW IF WE OPEN THIS DOOR- T-AT OPEN WINDOW OPPOSITE WILL MAKE A FINE DRAFT!


IT'S OPEN ON A CRACK NOW! A LITTLE ELBOW GREASE SHOULD DO THE TRICK!


GRUNT!! - IT'S MOVING! - KEEP PUSHING!
OOOF! I WISH I'D WORN MY MUSCLES!


I'LL BET A LOT OF PEOPLE WONDERED HOW I WAS GOING TO PAINT THIS CORNER!


SWISH!

?!!

HO-HO! -TOM'S NEW FLOOR LOOKS MORE LIKE A FEATHER BED!

HE-HE-HE !!

YOW!

MY NICE FLOOR ! -IT'S RUINED !

PLOP!

HO-HO! -THIS TURNED OUT EVEN BETTER THAN I EXPECTED!

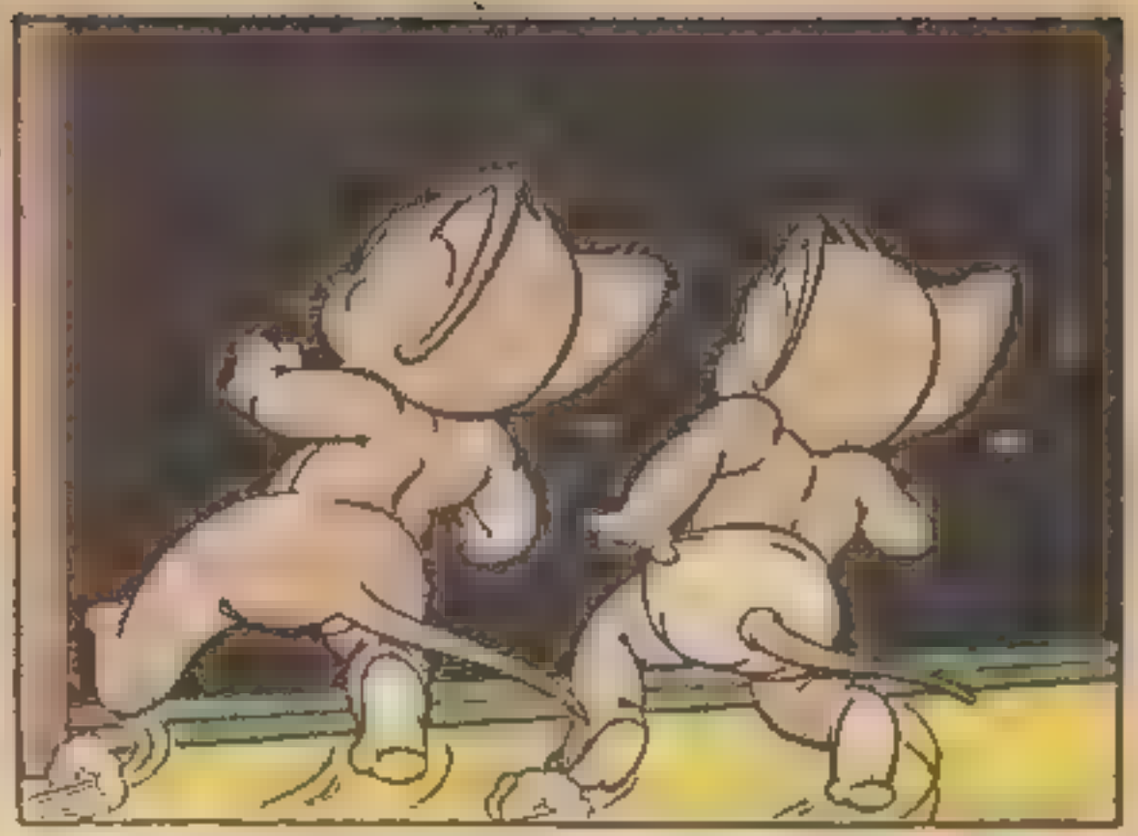
WOW! -WHAT A NOSE DIVE! I'M WEAK FROM LAUGHING!

!!

SLUP !

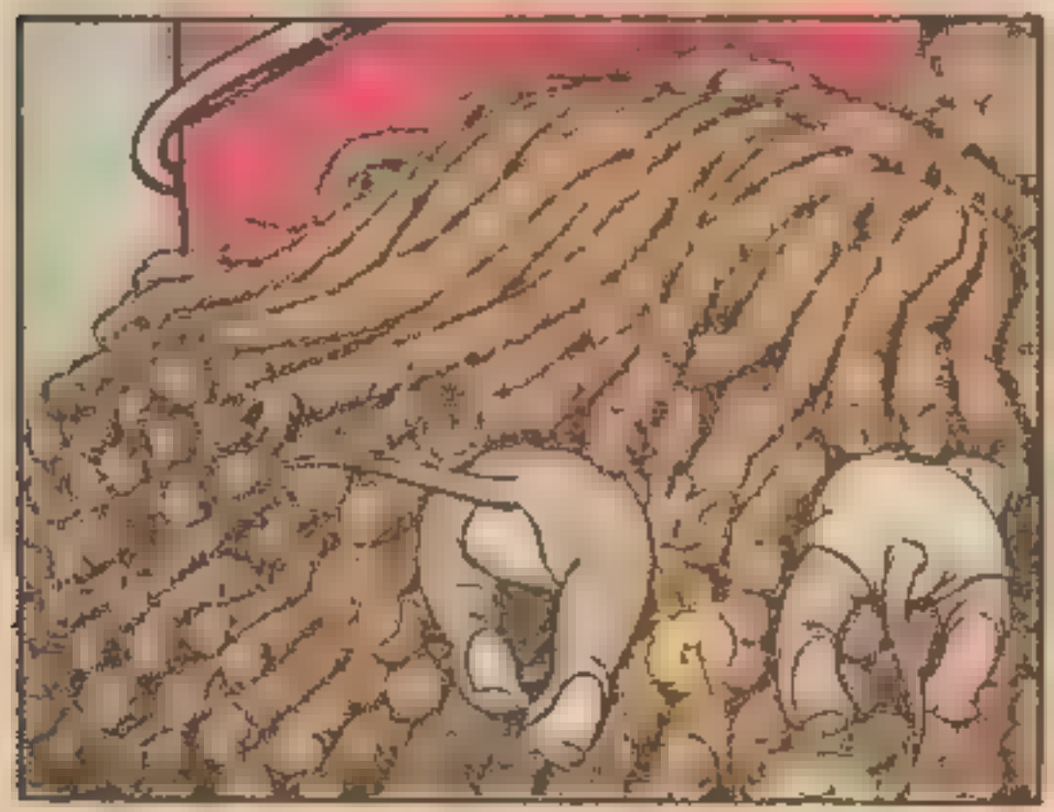
GRRRR!

OH-OH!!- LET'S GET MOVING! - IT'S GOING TO BE UNHEALTHY AROUND HERE! - TOM IS ABOUT TO GO ON A RAMPAGE!



AH-AH! - THIS IS THE TIME I NAIL THOSE DIM WITS! THEY'RE HEADING INTO THAT BROOM CLOSET AND THERE'S ONLY ONE DOOR IN AND OUT!

QUICK! - WE'LL HIDE IN THAT MOP!



OH BOY! - I'VE GOT THEM CORNERED THIS TIME! I CAN TASTE MY DINNER ALREADY! FAT, FRESH MICE!

HMMMM - A LITTLE CROWDED! BUT THEY'VE GOT TO BE HERE SOMEWHERE !!

HMM! - I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND THEM, NO HOW!

WELL - IF I CAN'T FIND THEM - MAYBE I CAN OUT SMART THEM!

COME ON OUT FELLERS! - I WON'T HURT YOU. I ENJOY A GOOD JOKE TOO! EVEN WHEN IT'S ME! - I KNOW WHERE THERE IS SOME GOOD FOOD WE CAN SHARE!

LISTEN TO HIM! - WHO DOES THE B RD BRA N THINK HE'S K DDING?

WHEW! - THE DUST N HERE IS G-GETTING M-ME!

AH-AHH-

OH, NO TUFFY! - NO!

!! ?

CHOO!!

HMMM! - A SNEEZING MOP! THAT'S A NEW ONE ON ME!

- BUT SNEEZ NG M.CE! - THAT'S AN OLD STORY!

IT'S PROBABLY DRY AND DUSTY IN THAT OLD MOP! -I'LL JUST MOISTEN IT DOWN A BIT !!

HEY! -I DON'T THINK THIS IS GOING TO TURN OUT SO GOOD! WE'D BETTER JUMP!

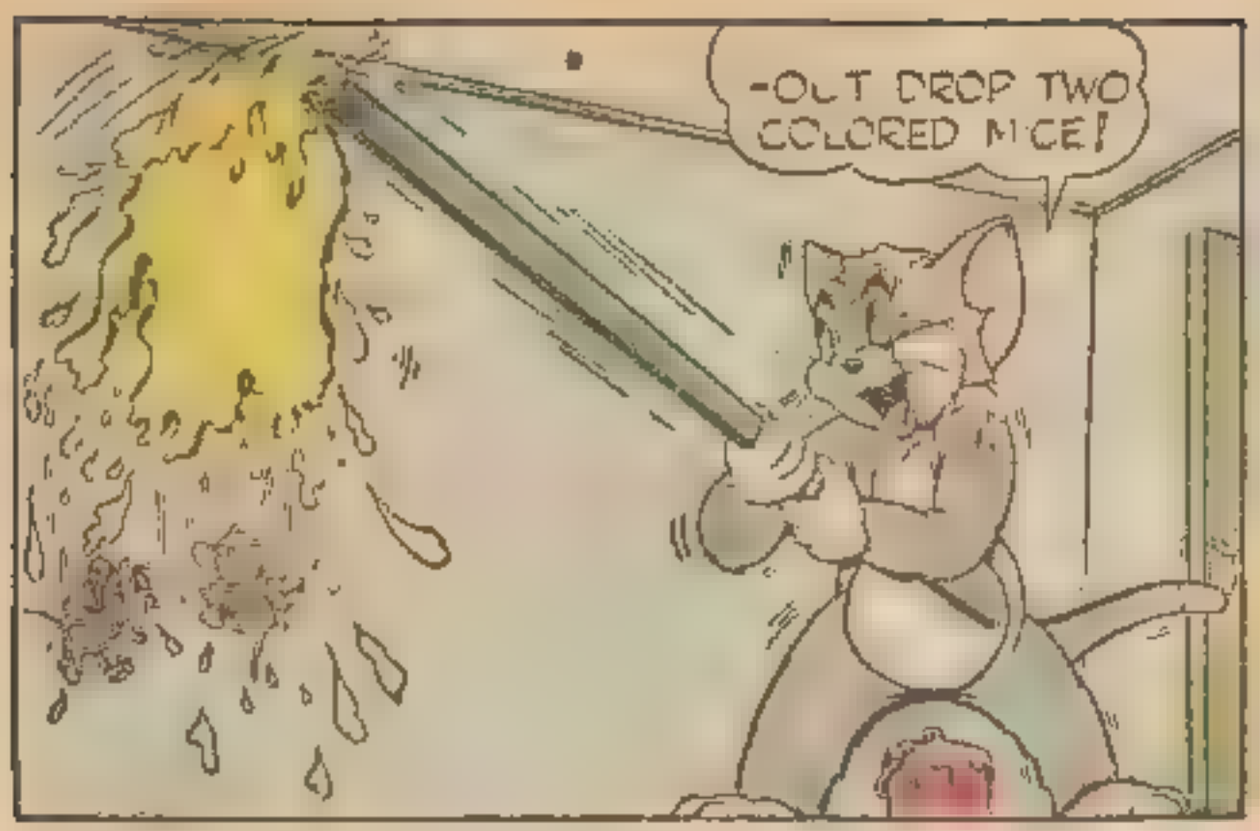
IT'S TOO HIGH! WE'D BREAK OUR NECKS!

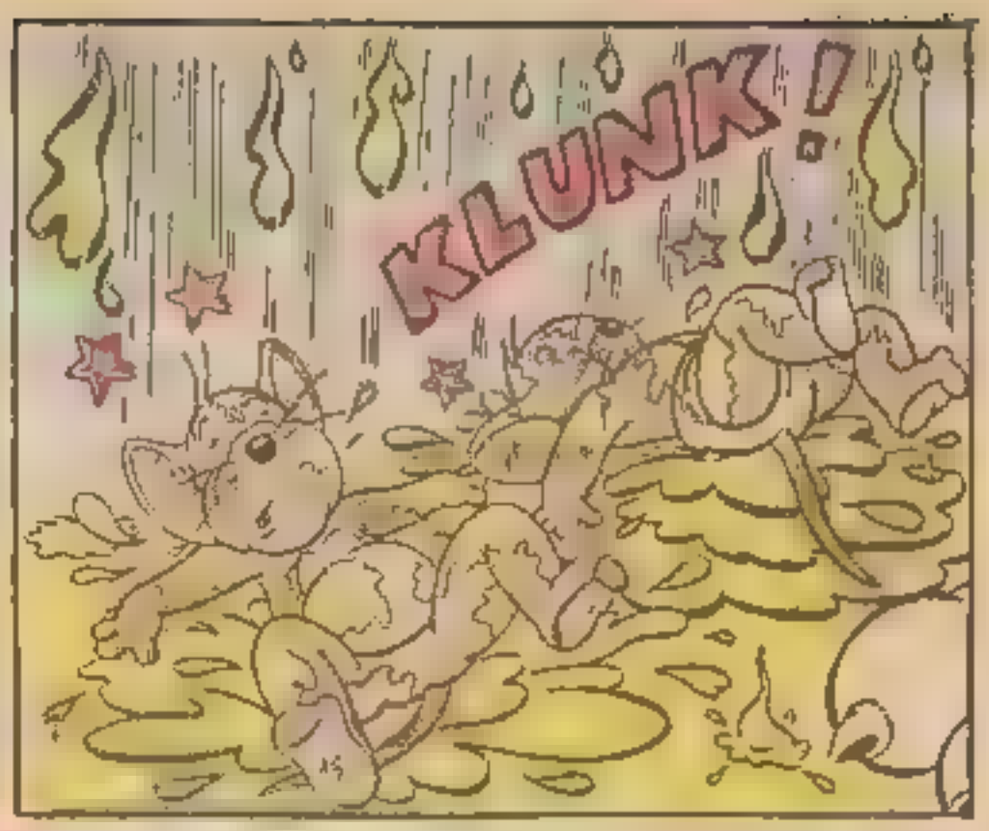
GOOD! - THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF PAINT IN THE CAN!

I'LL JUST DUNK IT GENTLY A FEW TIMES!

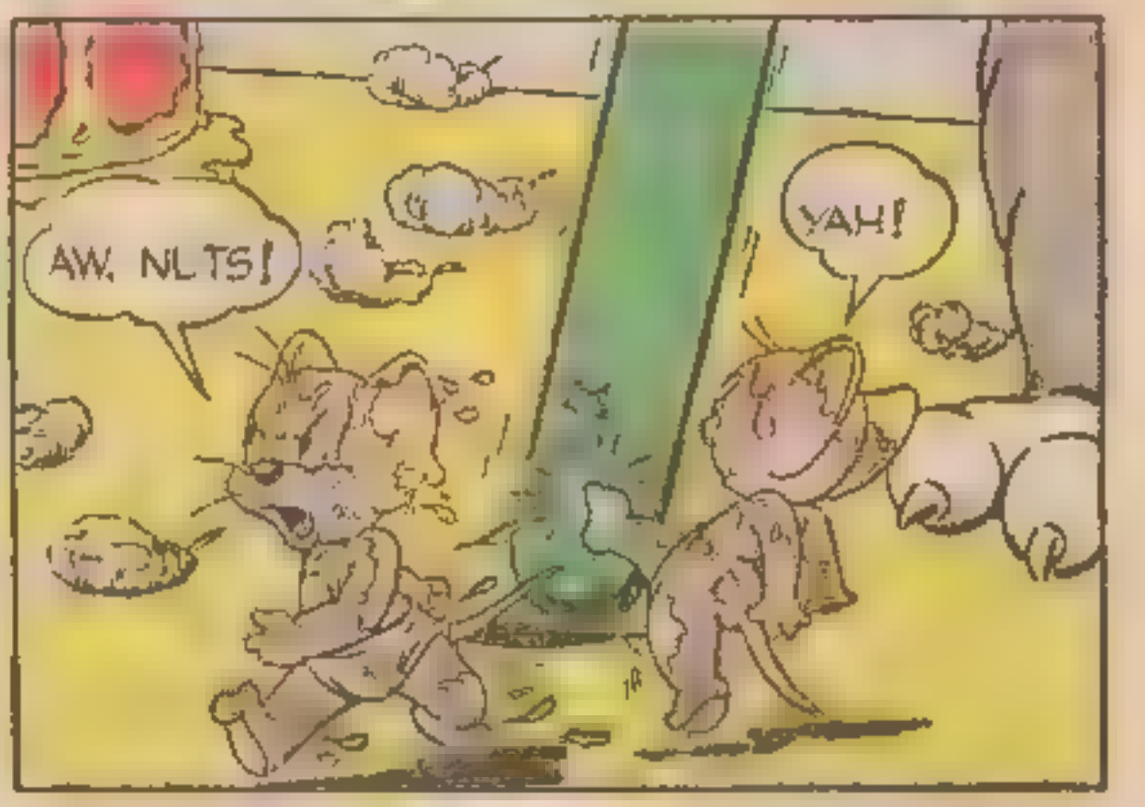
AH! -NICE AND GOOEY!!

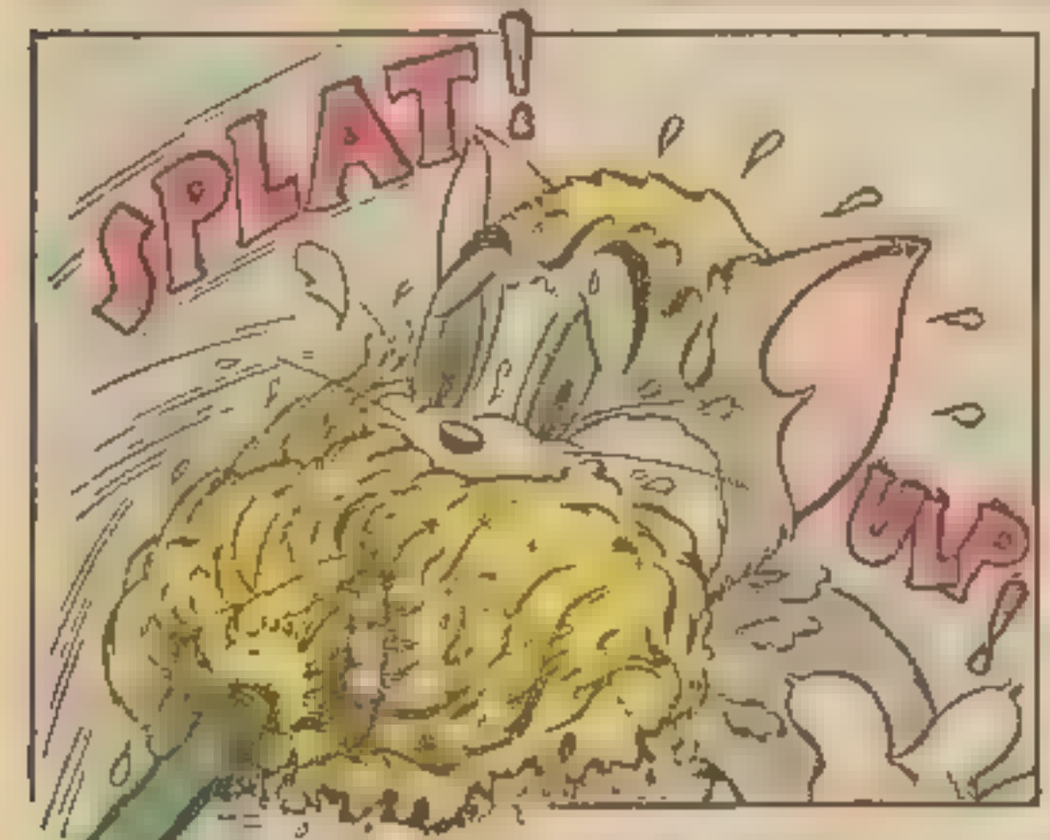
NOW A LITTLE VIGOROUS SHAKE AND-

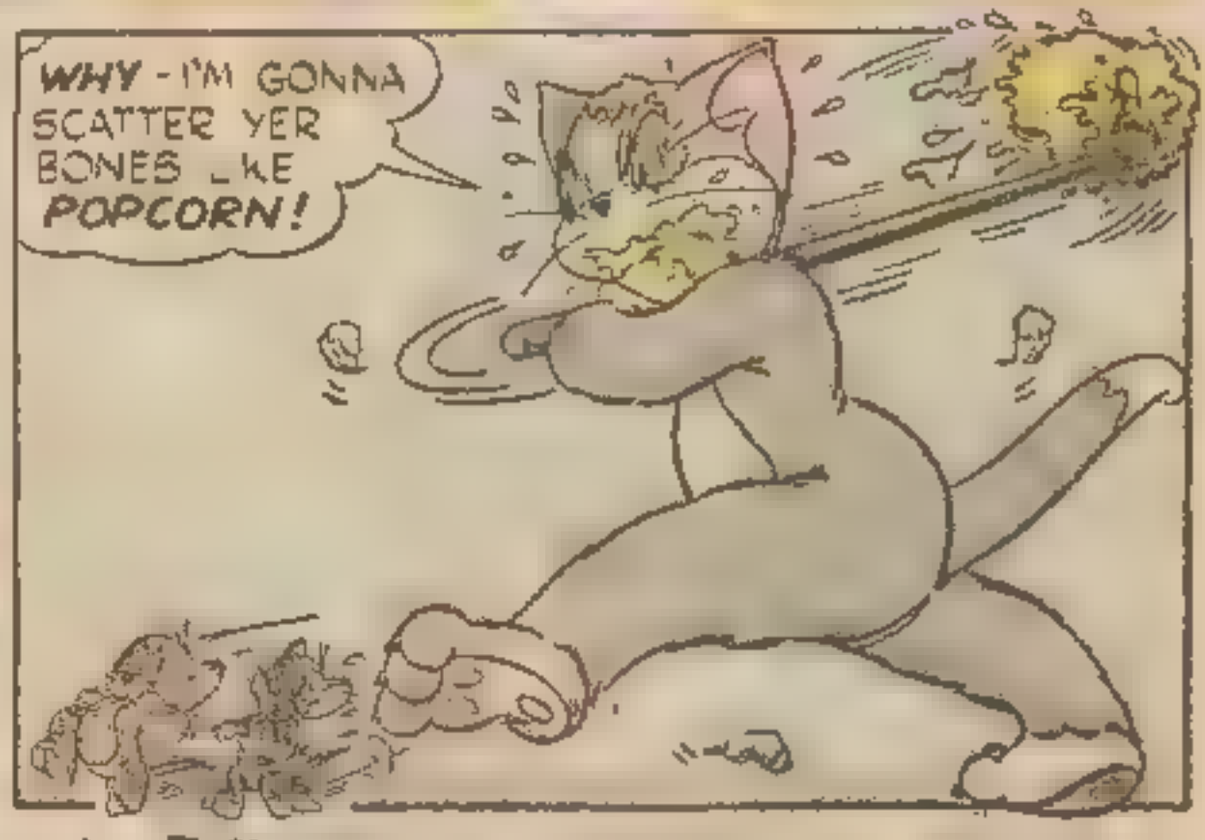


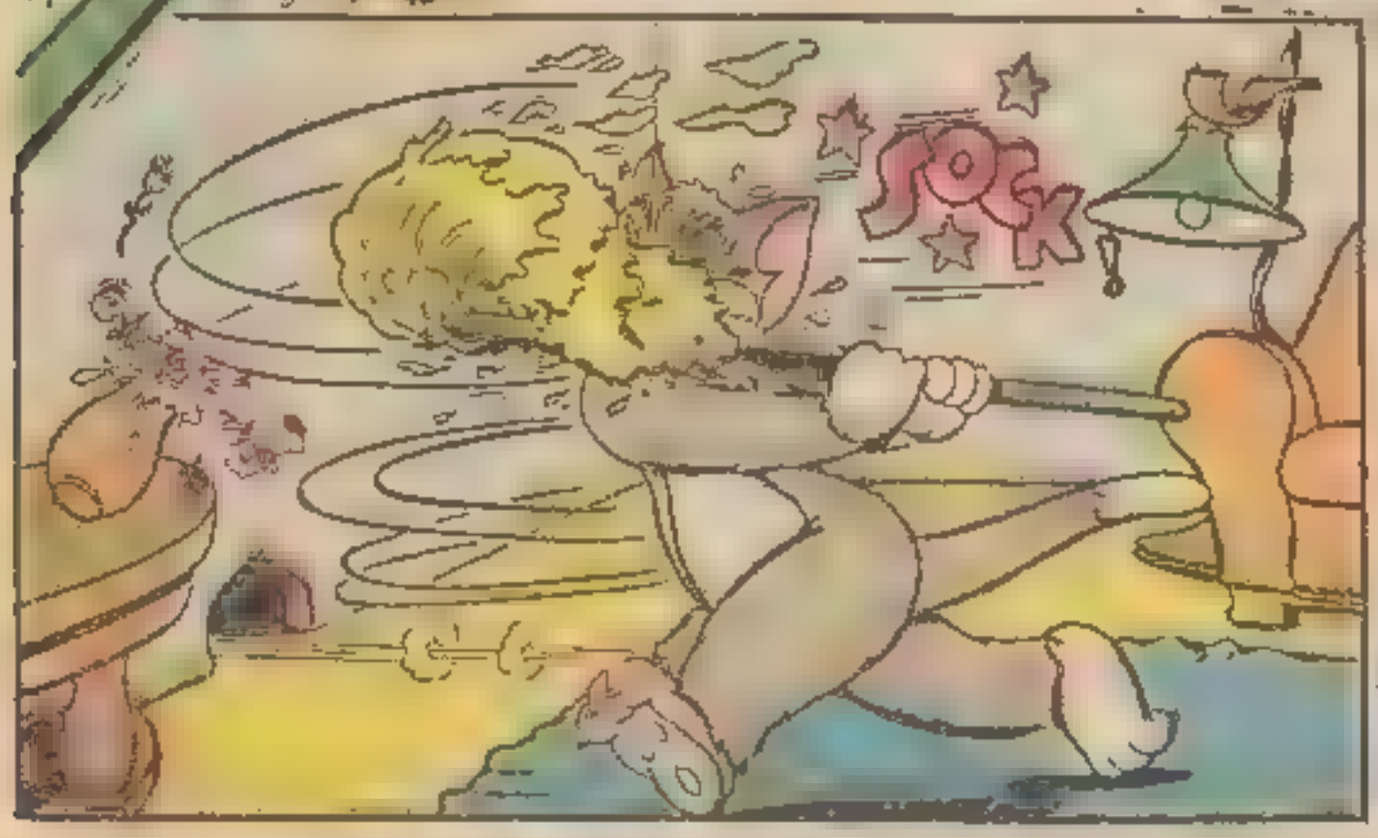


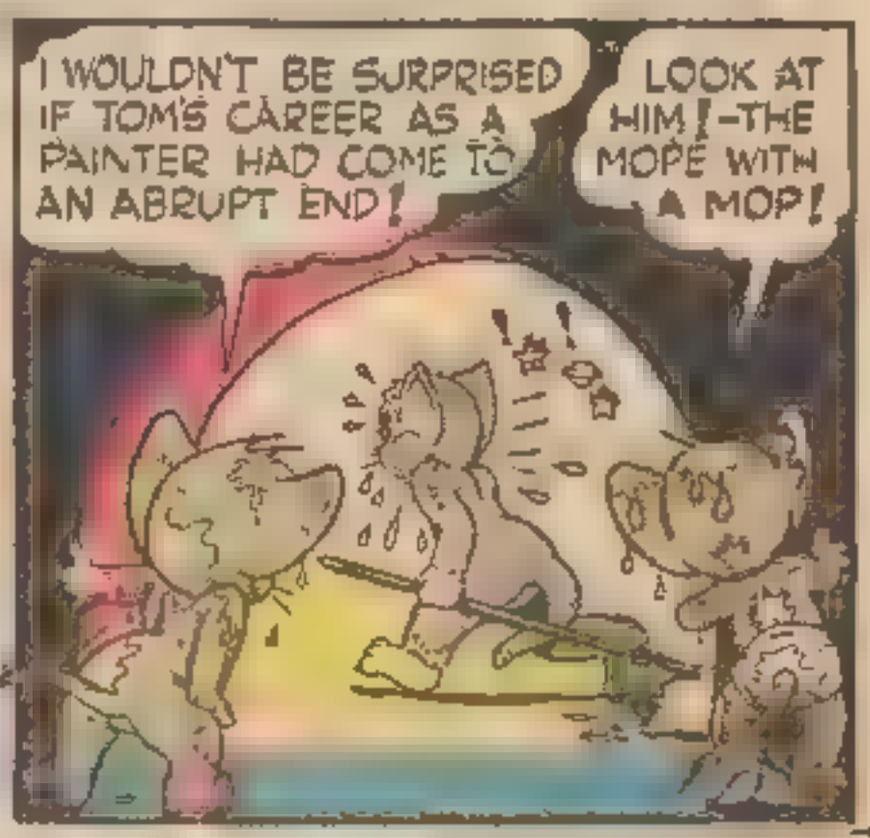












M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

FLIP 'N' DIP

LOOK, DIP, A STRANGER IS COMING ABOARD!

WHAM!
CRASH!

WELL, WELL, WHAT ARE YOU KIDS UP TO?

FISHING!

ZIP!

S YOUR FATHER OR MOTHER AT HOME?

OH YES! THEY ARE **BOTH** HOME!

WHIZ!

I SUPPOSE THEY ARE BUSY RIGHT NOW?

YES, VERY BUSY!

WHIRRR-RR-R

I'D LIKE TO SEE ONE OF THEM FOR JUST A MINUTE.

WOP!

POP WILL BE OUT ANY MINUTE NOW

?

GANGWAY!!!

SPLASH!

GOOD DAY, SIR! IN FOR YOUR MORNING SWIM I SEE!

—AND DON'T COME BACK IN THOUT A JOB!

LADY, I HAVE A JOB! WHAT'S MORE, I'M ON MY VACATION!

I'M SORRY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY HUSBAND

HUMPH! A POOR EXCUSE

YES, I **KNOW** HE IS!

I CAME HERE TO SEE IF YOU WOULD TAKE A BOARDER

A BOARDER?

YES! I WOULD LIKE TO SPEND A QUIET WEEK FISHING AND STUFF.

WELL, YOU SEE WE HAVE ONLY TWO ROOMS. THE KIDS HAVE ONE AND—

HOW MUCH WOULD YOU PAY?

WOULD TWENTY DOLLARS BE ENOUGH?

TWENTY DOL-

?

I GUESS MA WILL MOVE INTO OUR ROOM AGAIN!

YEAH, AND POP WILL GET THE HAMMOCK OUT HERE.

ODD BUNCH, BUT PLACES ARE HARD TO FIND— SO I'LL STICK IT OUT FOR ONE WEEK!

HELLO, MR. BEAR! WOULD YOU LIKE TO FISH?

YOU CAN USE MY POLE!

THANK YOU!

YOU WILL ENJOY THE FISHING HERE— I'VE CAUGHT SOME BIG ONES—

YES, INDEED! ONLY LAST WEEK I HAD A WHOPPER ABOUT THIS LONG—

HE PUT UP QUITE A BATTLE BUT I LANDED HIM—

QUIET! YOU'RE SCARING THE FISH!

HMPH! NOT A VERY SOCIABLE FELLOW— I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A NAP!

LOOK! MR. BEAR! YOU HAVE A BITE!

SO I HAVE!

HO-HUM!

I GUESS HE GOT AWAY!

GLOP!

?

KRMPH! KLABBERWOSH! HRAZZ! HOUNCH!

DOES YOUR FATHER ACT LIKE THAT OFTEN?

POOF!

HE NEVER USED TO!

I THINK HE JUST WANTS ATTENTION— PERHAPS IF WE HUMOR HIM A LITTLE—

mm☆!

HOW ABOUT A SWIM, SIMIAN, OL' BOY?

SLAP.

NO!

HMPH! REST WILL PROBABLY DO HIM MORE GOOD!

mm☆!!!!

COME ON MR. BEAR!

WE CAN GO IN W THOUT POP!

I DON'T D VE GOOD!

I ALWAYS GO IN FEET FIRST!

SPLOSH!

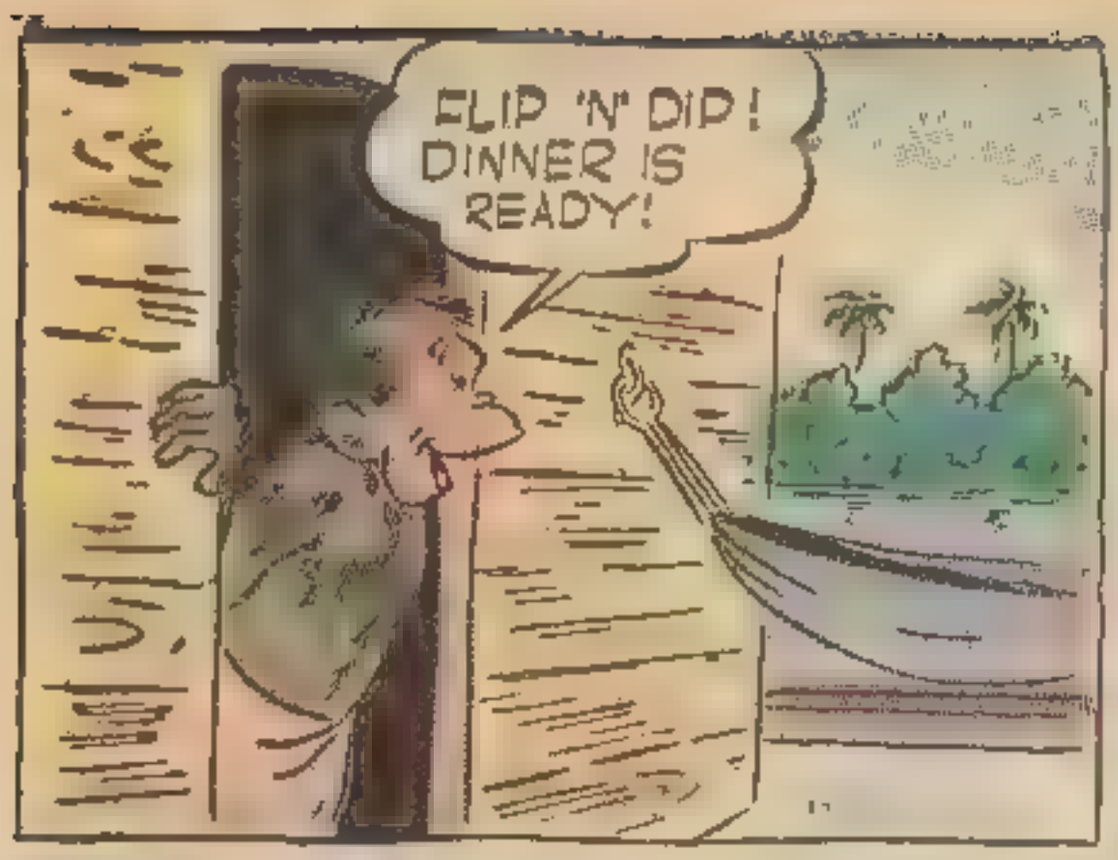
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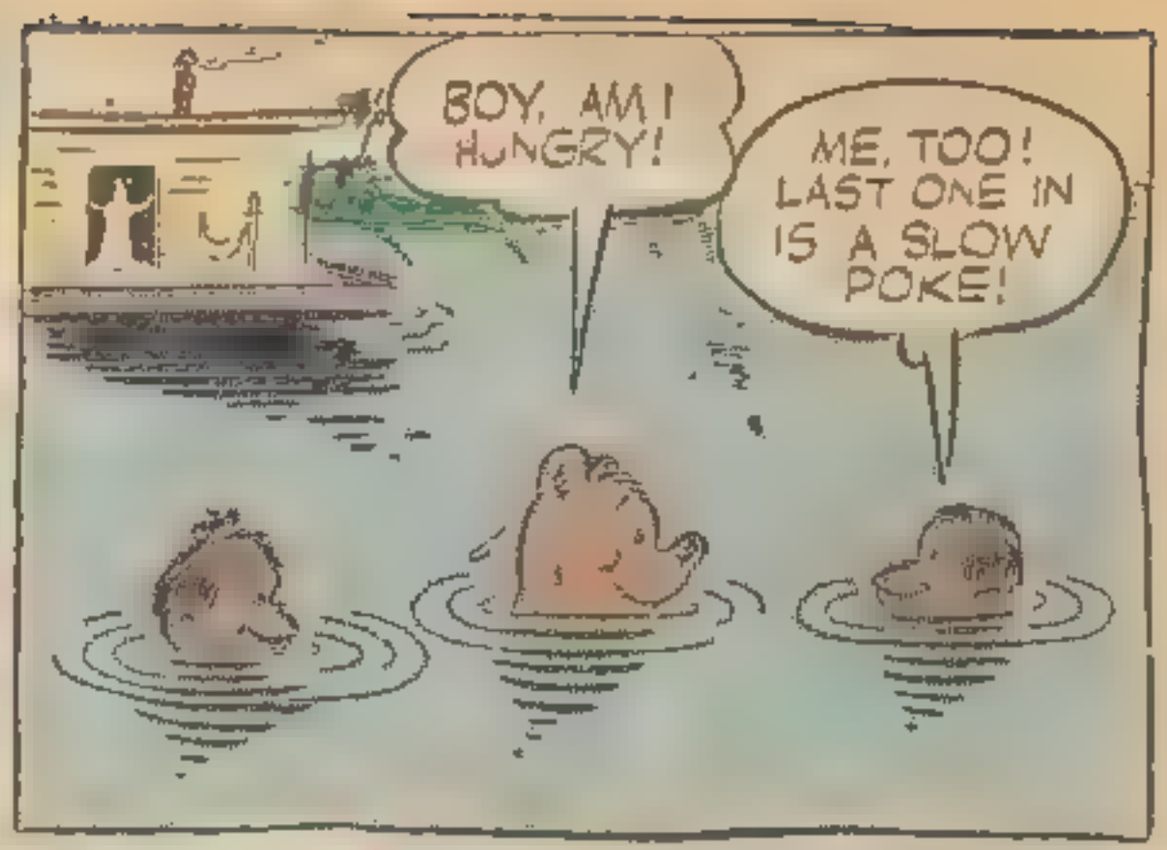
THAT DOES IT!

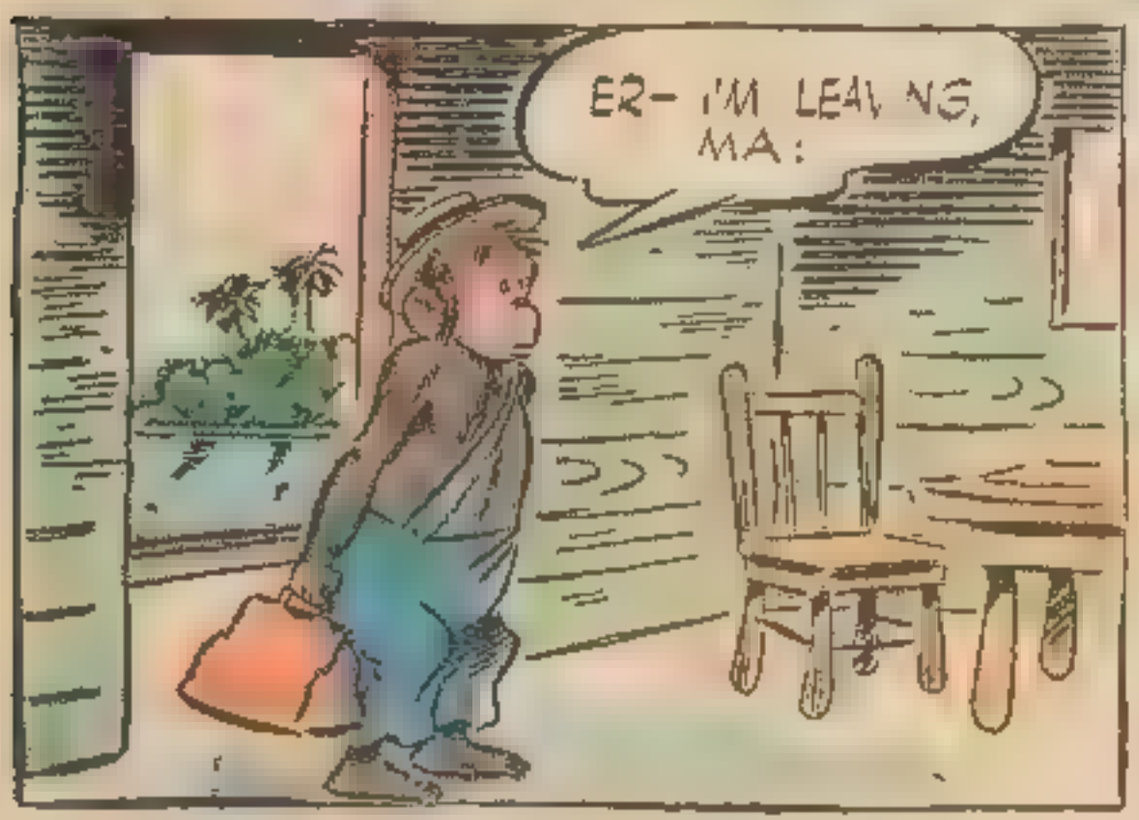
MA ETHER THAT BOARDER LEAVES HERE OR I DO!

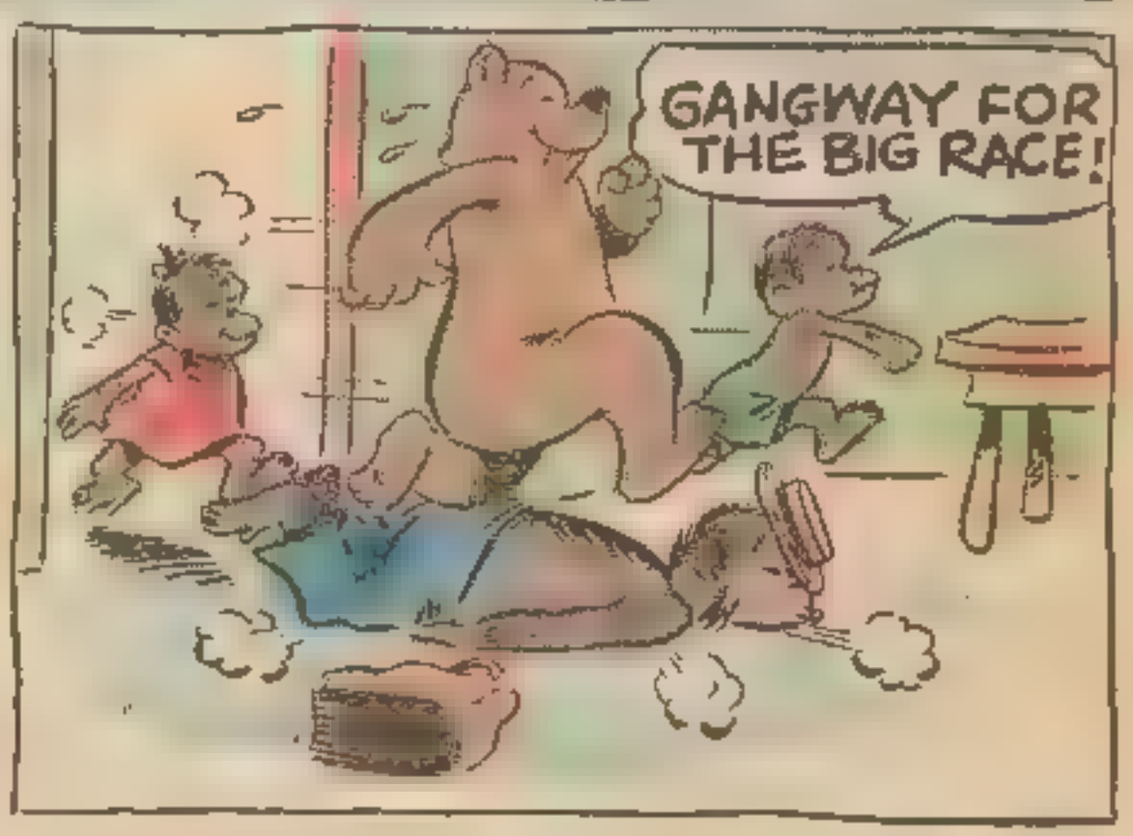
HE S GO NG TO PAY TWENTY DOLLARS BOARD — WHAT'S YOUR OFFER?

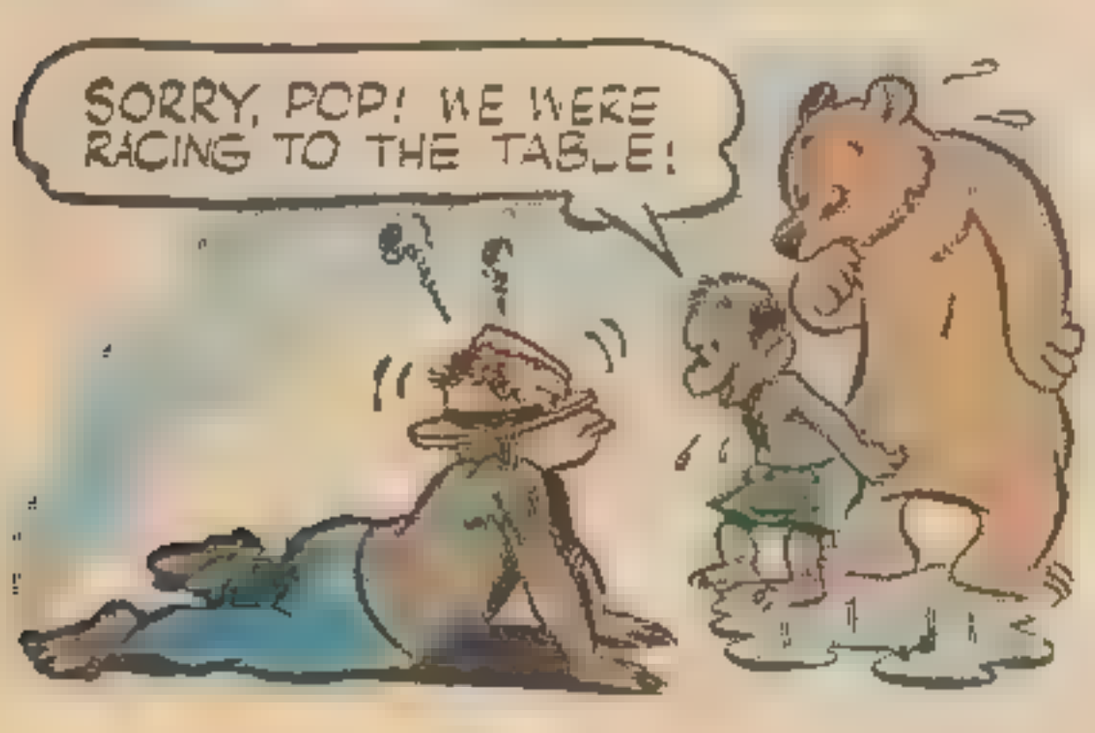
HMPH! THEY WILL SOFTEN UP WHEN THEY SEE ME LEAVING!

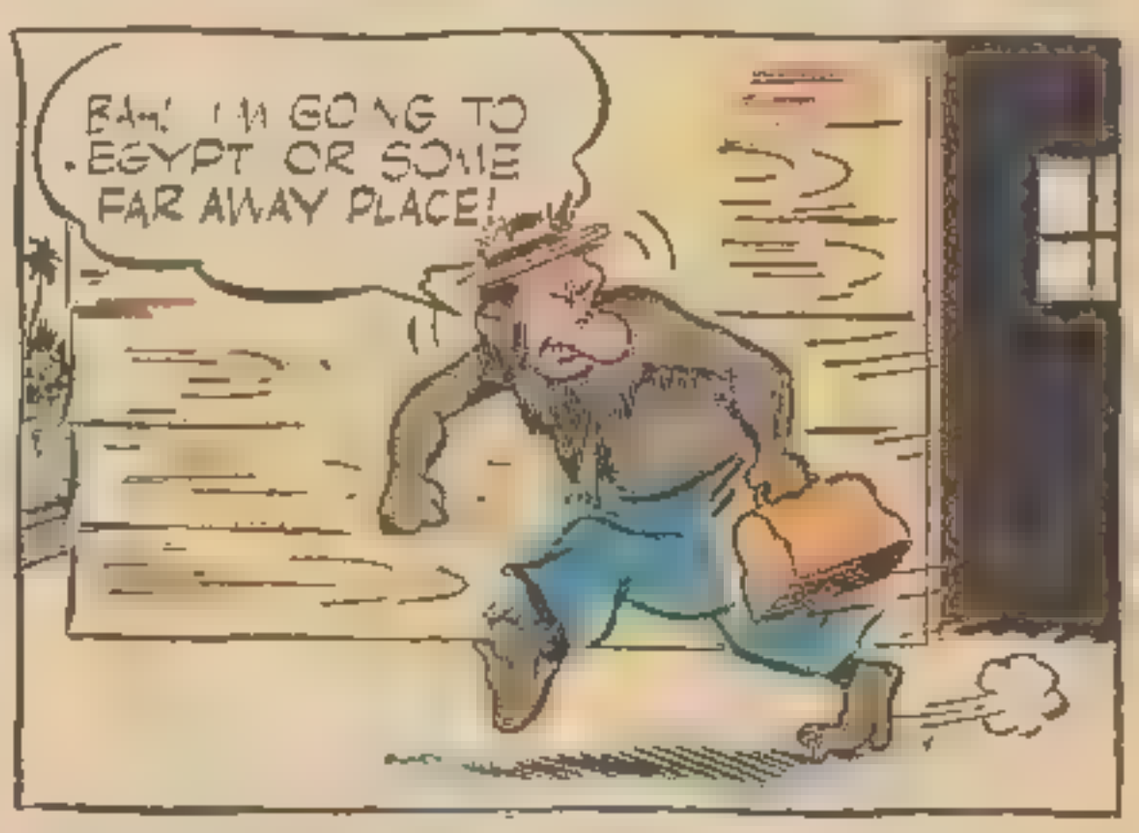

FLIP 'N' DIP! DINNER IS READY!

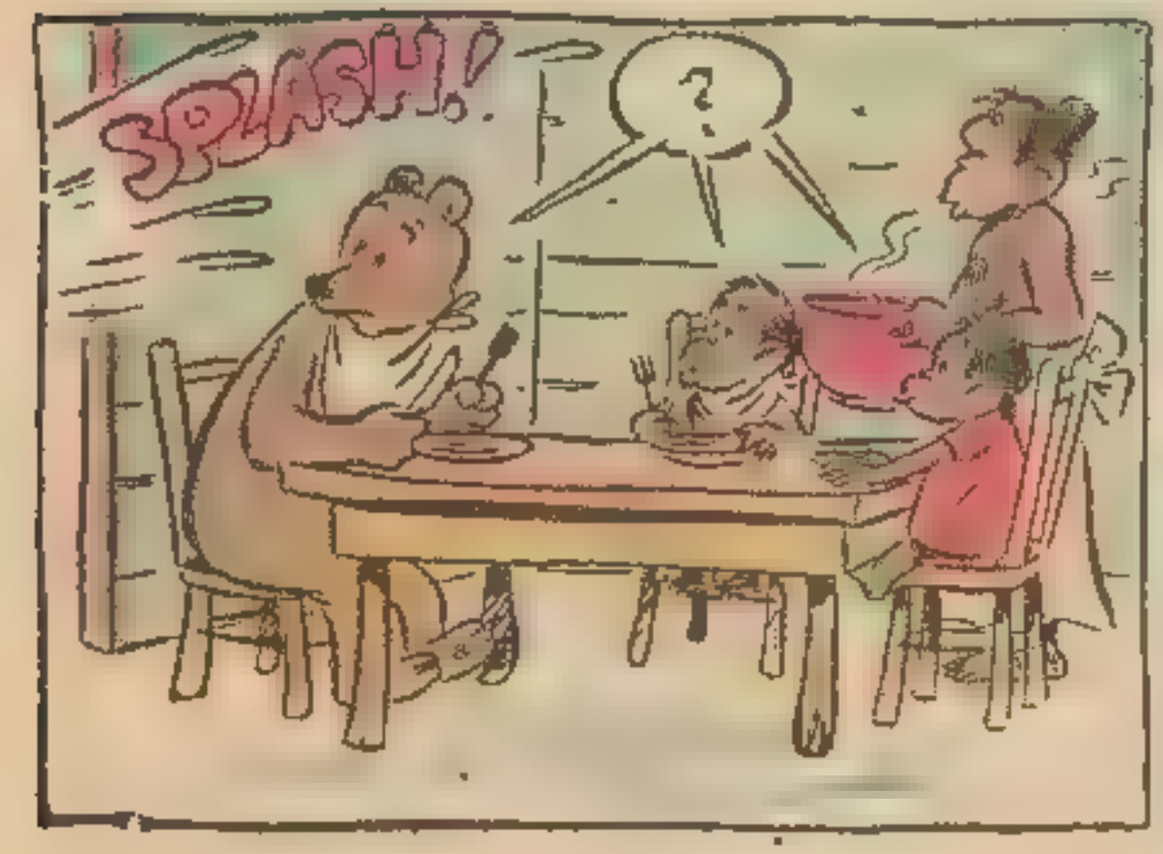

BOY, AM I HUNGRY!
ME, TOO! LAST ONE IN IS A SLOW POKE!

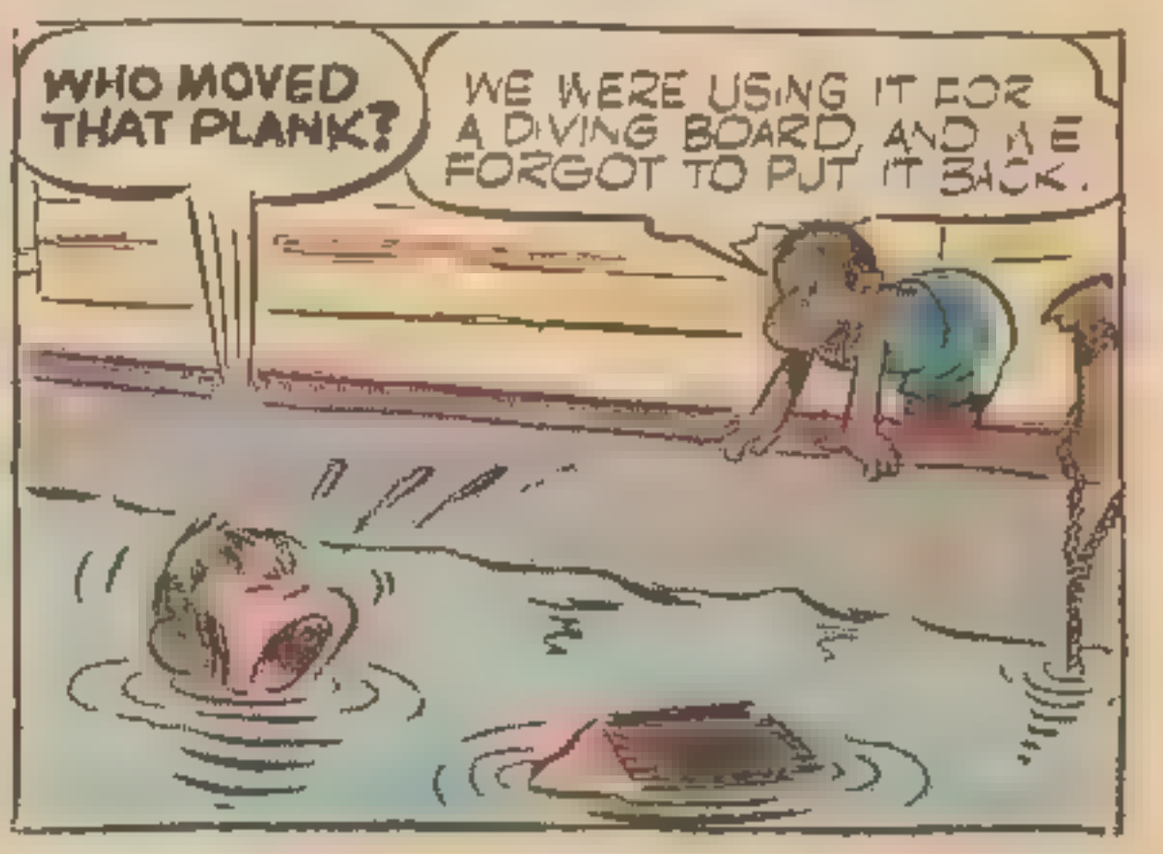

ER- I'M LEAVING, MA:

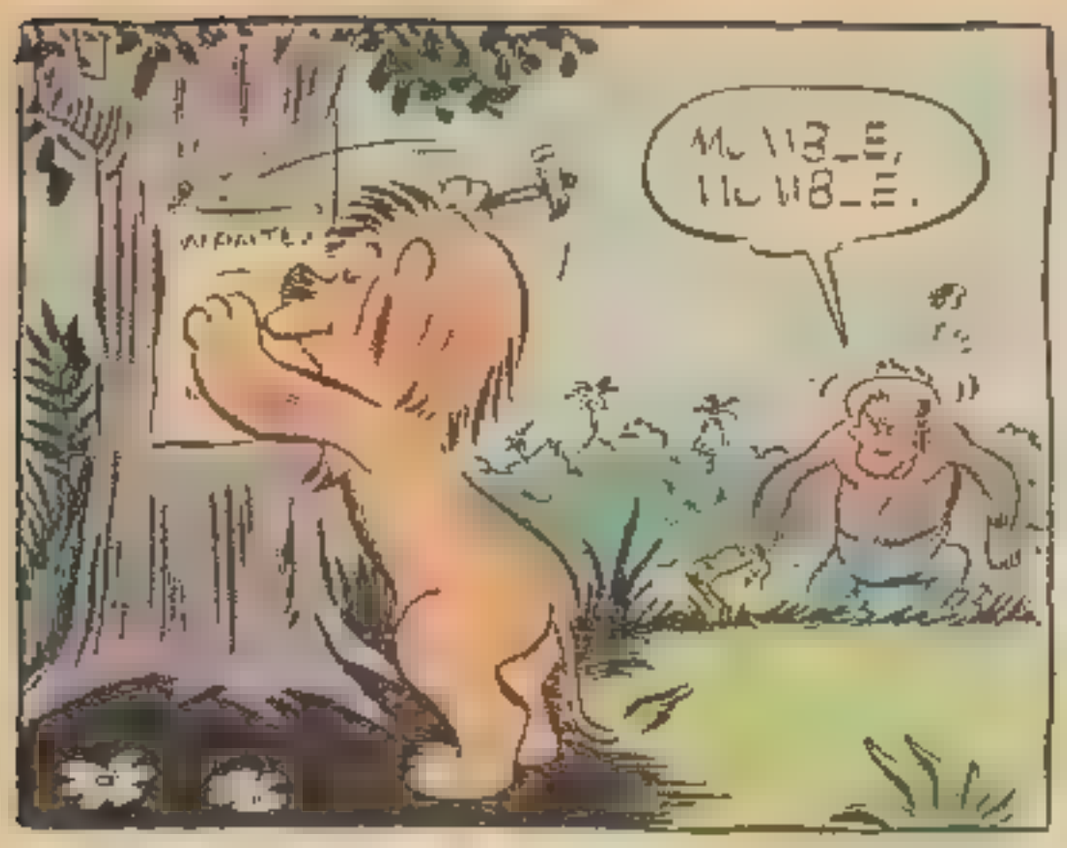

GANGWAY FOR THE BIG RACE!

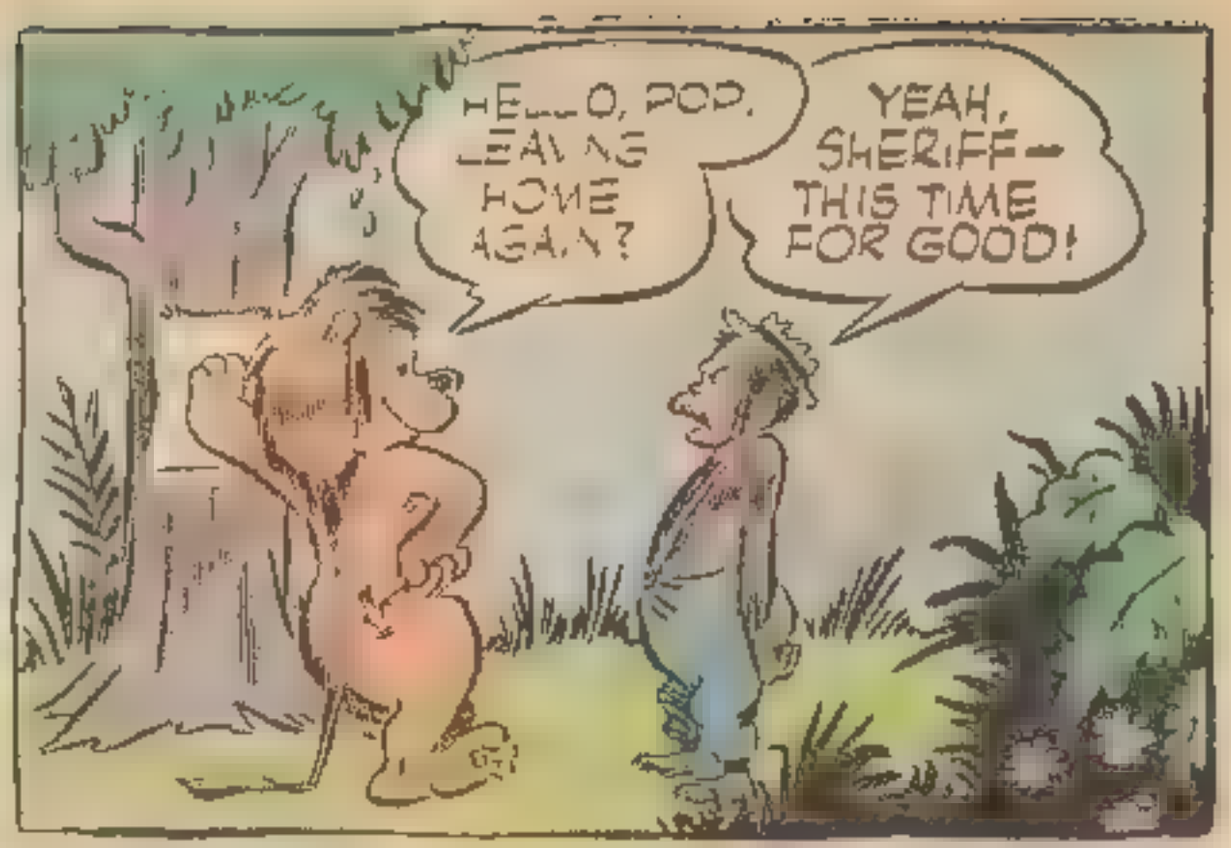

SORRY, POP! WE WERE RACING TO THE TABLE!

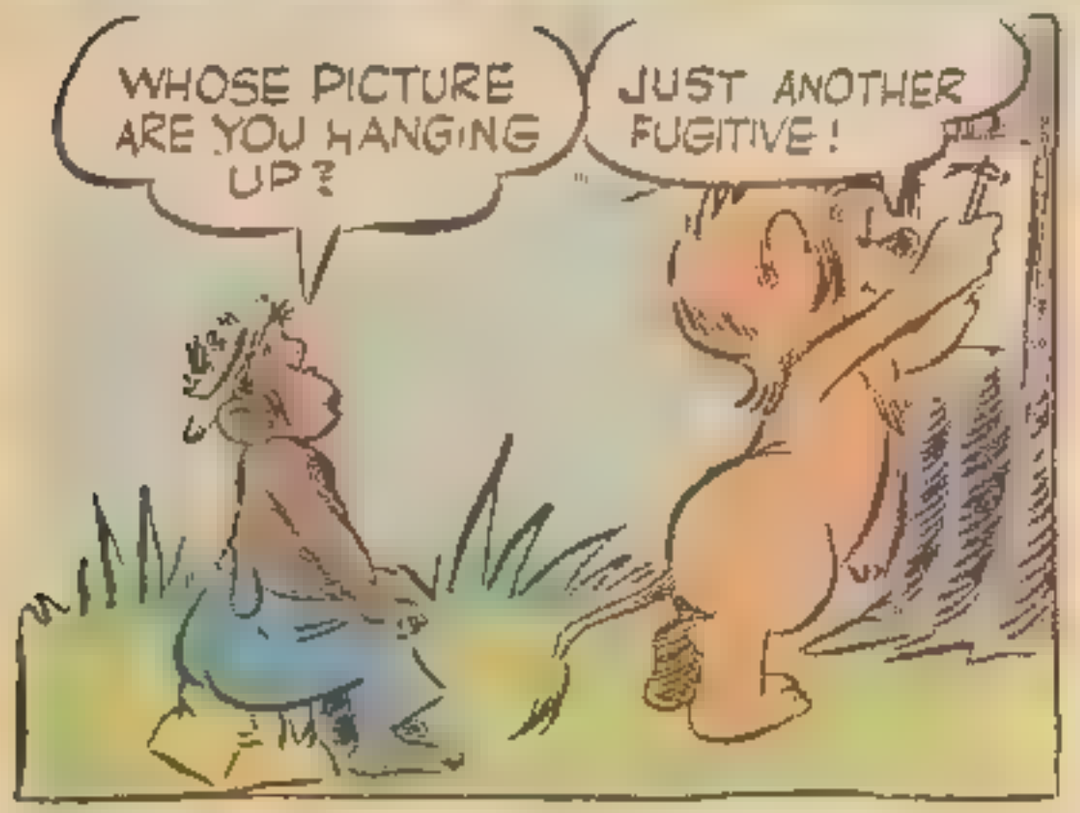

BAH! I'M GOING TO EGYPT OR SOME FAR AWAY PLACE!

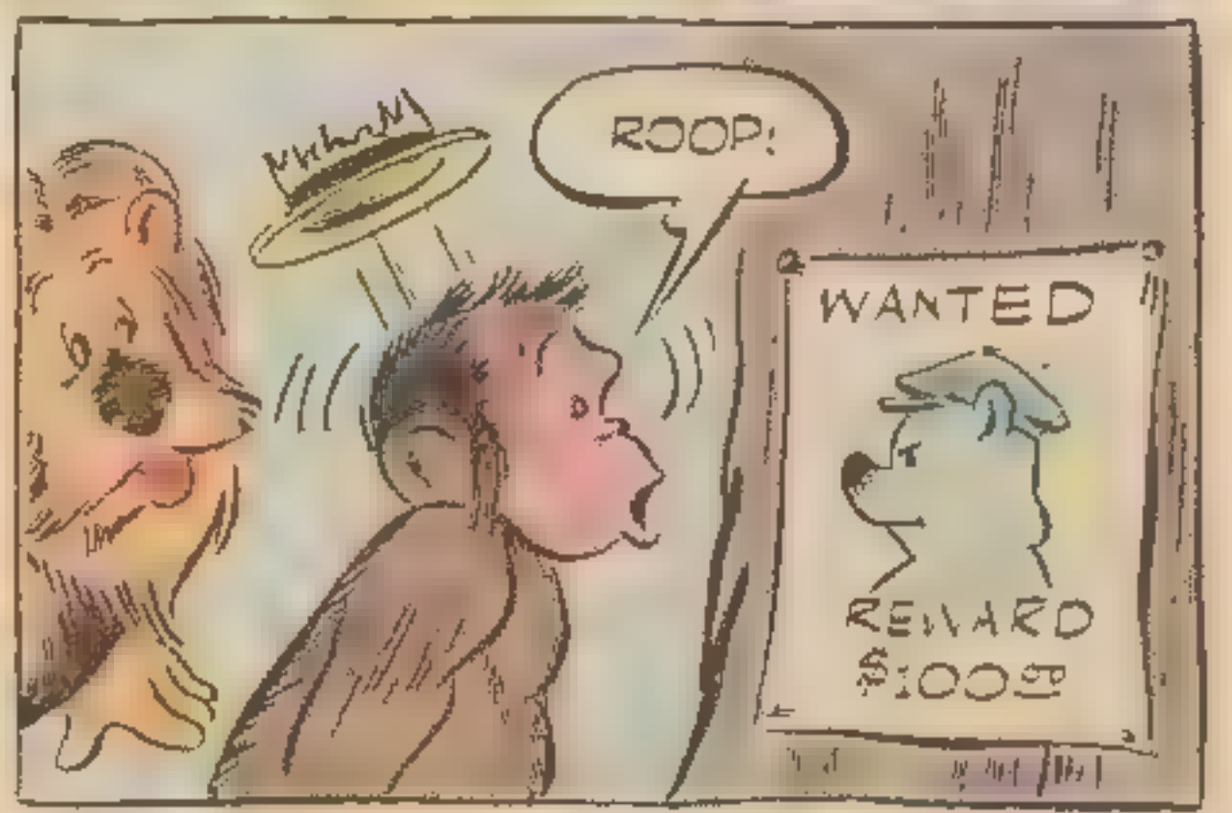

SPLASH!
?


WHO MOVED THAT PLANK?
WE WERE USING IT FOR A DIVING BOARD AND ME FORGOT TO PUT IT BACK.

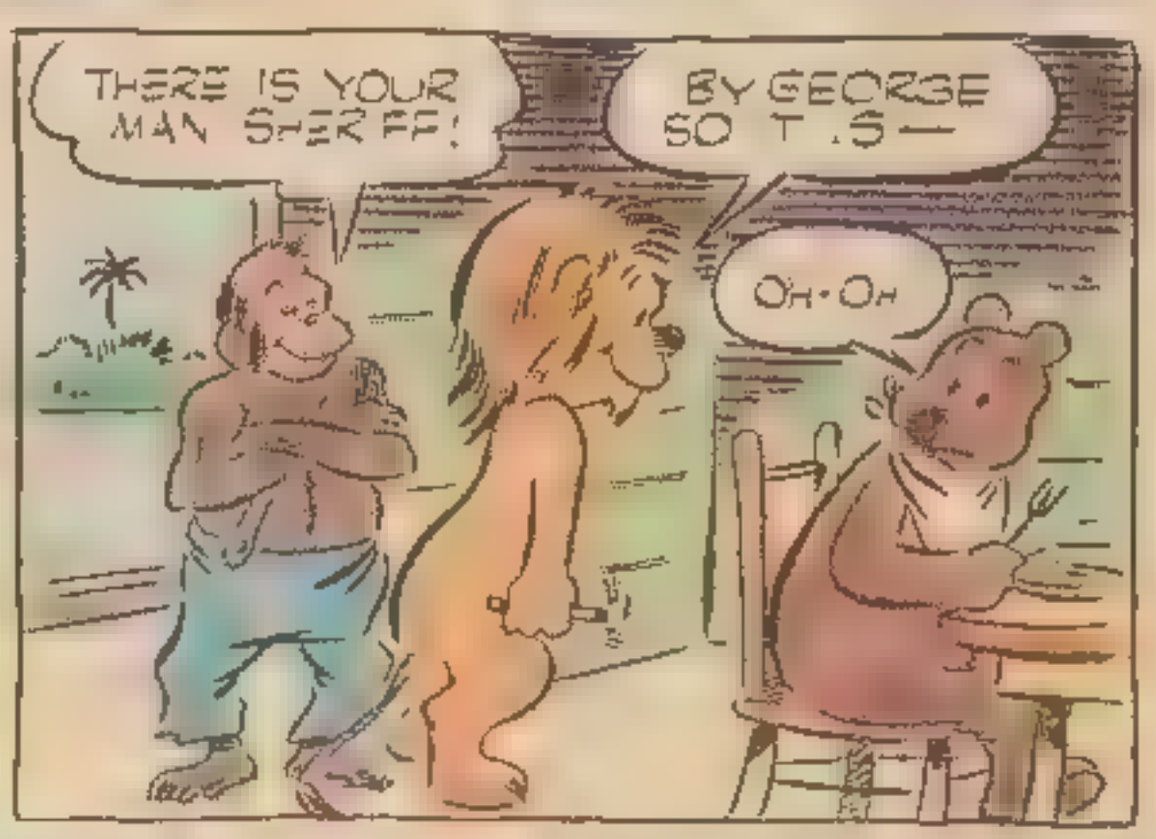

MUMBLE, MUMBLE.

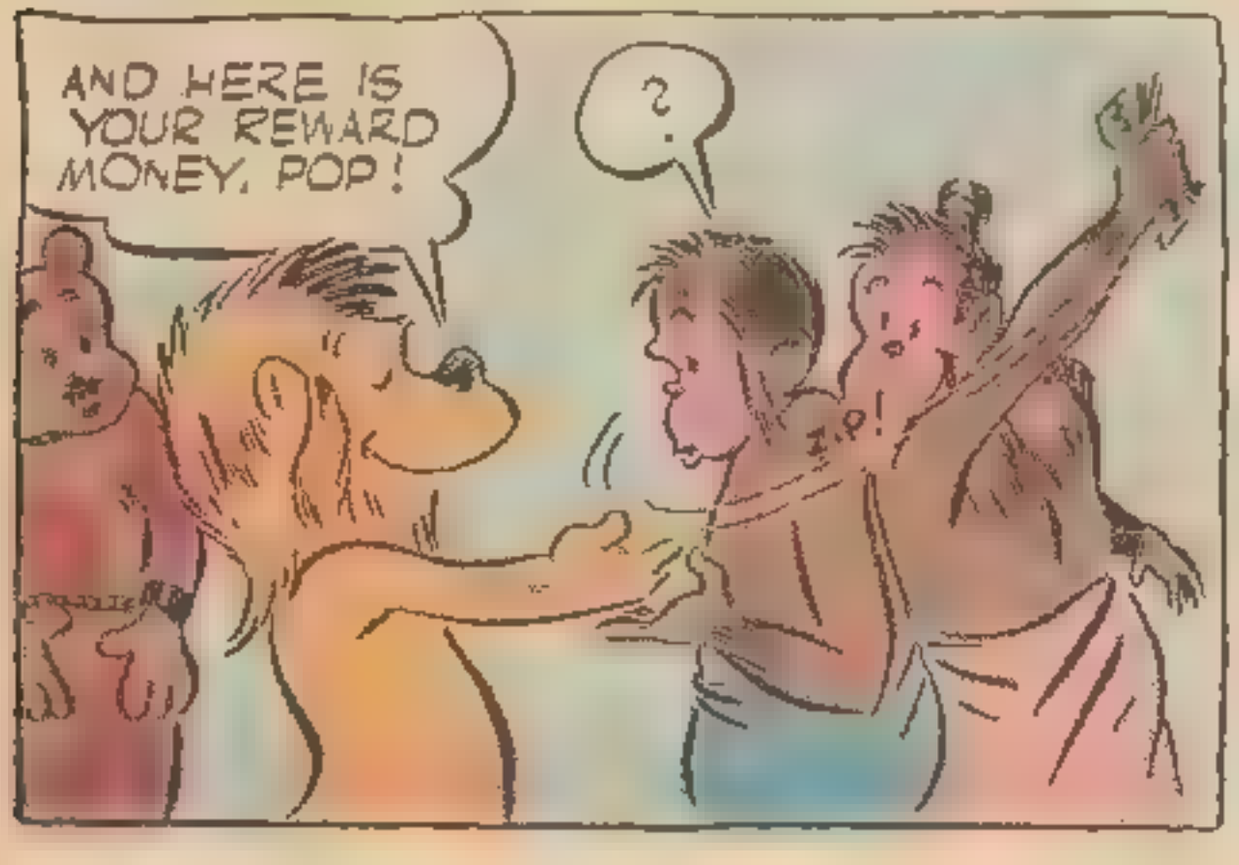

HELLO, POP. LEAVING HOME AGAIN?
YEAH, SHERIFF— THIS TIME FOR GOOD!

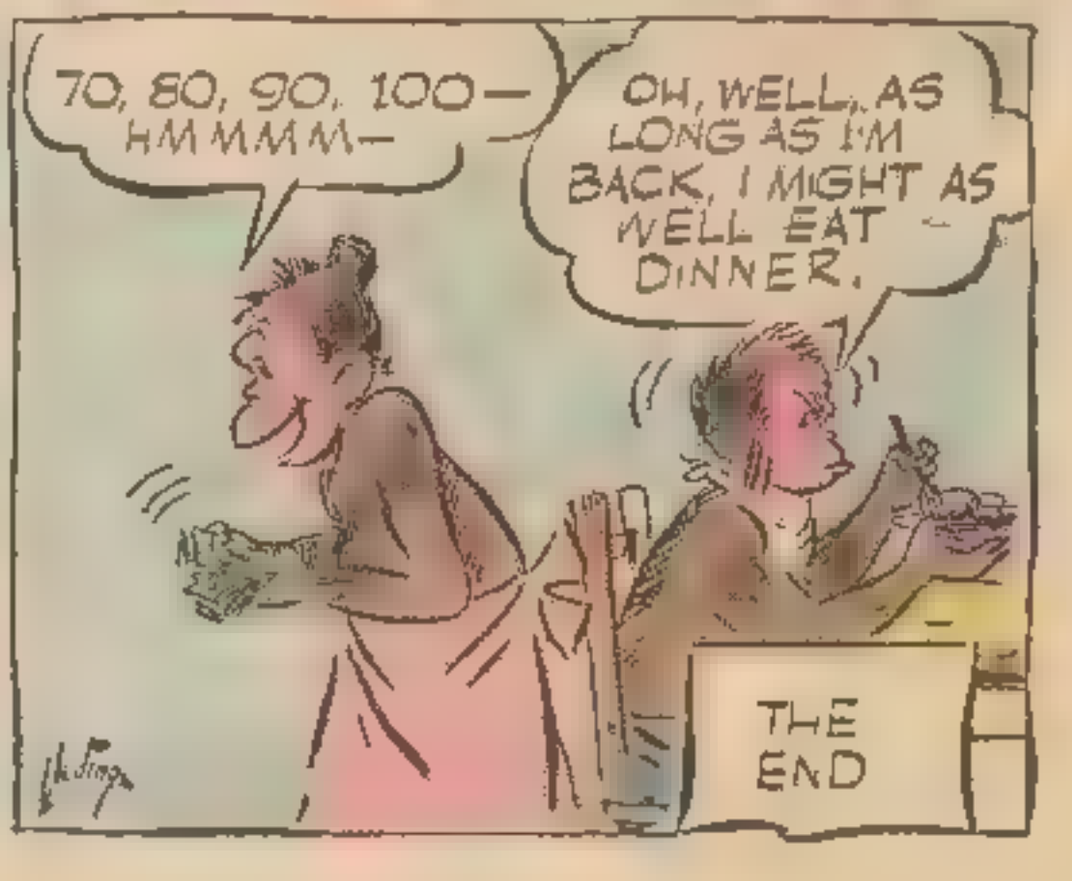

WHOSE PICTURE ARE YOU HANGING UP?
JUST ANOTHER FUGITIVE!

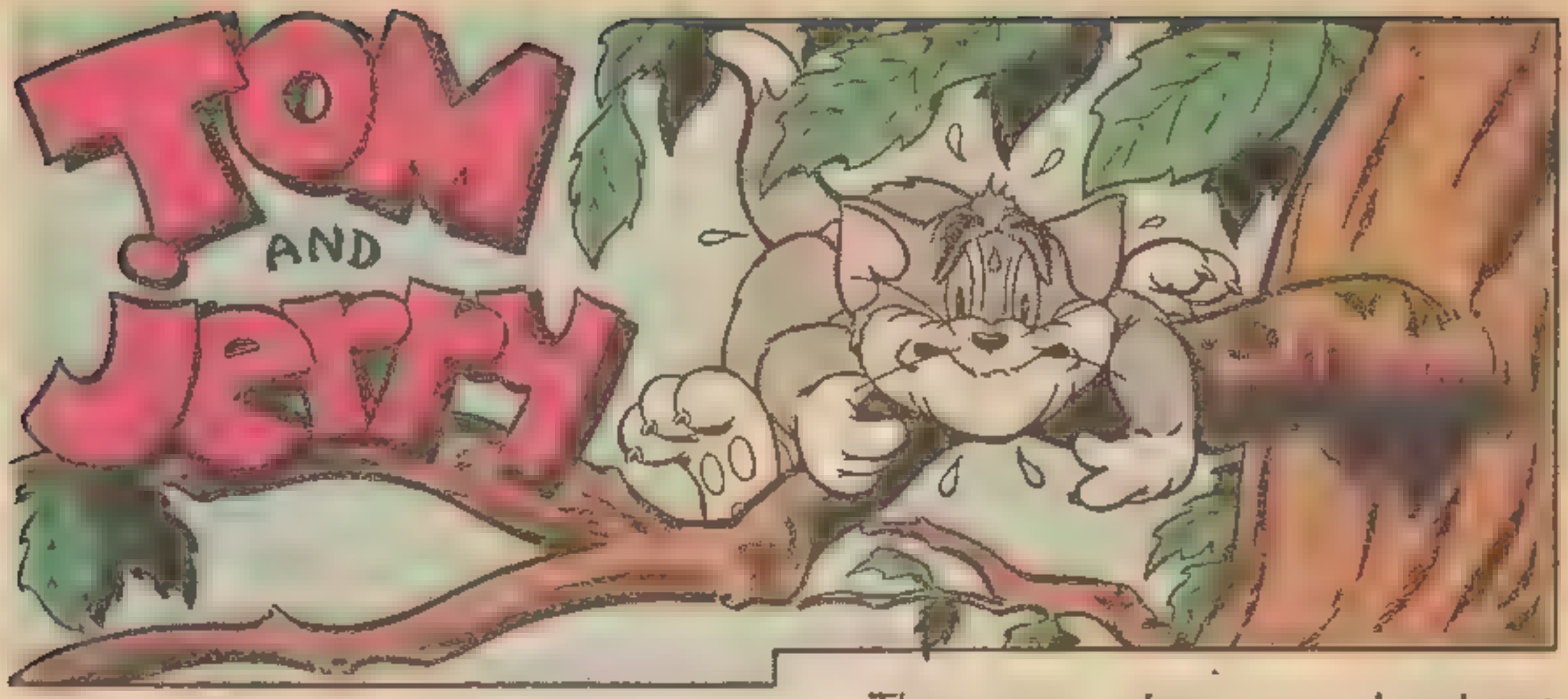

WHAM!
ROOP!
WANTED
REWARD
$100.00


?
COME WITH ME!


THERE IS YOUR MAN SHERIFF!
BY GEORGE SO IT IS—
OH-OH


AND HERE IS YOUR REWARD MONEY, POP!
?
ZIP!


70, 80, 90, 100— HMMMM—
OH, WELL, AS LONG AS I'M BACK, I MIGHT AS WELL EAT DINNER.
THE END



"Wow! Jerry, Jerry! Come quick!"

Jerry, who had been lying on his pincushion bed, lifted up his head and saw Tuffy dancing excitedly in the little mousehole doorway.

"What's the matter, Tuff?" he asked. "Somebody leave the cover off the candy box?"

"No, better than that, pal," squeaked Tuffy. "Ol' Tom is up a tree!"

"I always knew that," answered Jerry drowsily.

"No, no! I don't mean THAT way, Jerry. He's really up a tree. He's stuck up in the ol' elm in the back yard and he can't get down."

Jerry's eyes shot open. "You mean he's REALLY honest-to-goodness STUCK up there?"

"Yep. He's squawking for help an' carrying on something awful." Tuffy wore an expression on his face that was meant to be sympathetic, but he was also still dancing his little jig.

"Well, let's go look," said Jerry as he slid off the pin cushion. But Tuffy had already disappeared.

Jerry made his way boldly to the back door. There was no need to be careful now that he knew where Tom was.

The screen door was closed—at least to HUMANS it would seem to be closed. But there was a tiny crack near the bottom where the door didn't quite meet the door frame. A MOUSE would consider this door wide open.

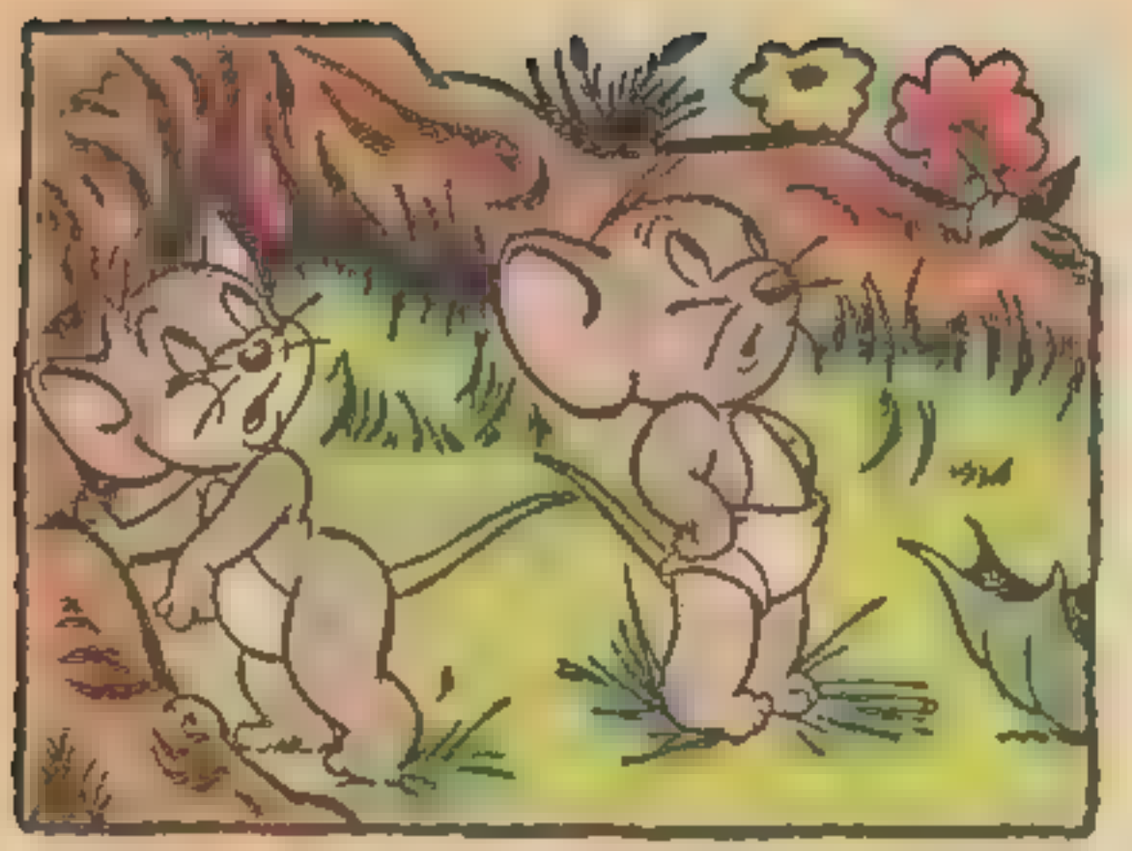
Jerry strolled through the crack without brushing either side and found himself out in the bright sun.

In the far corner of the yard stood a giant elm tree. Jerry and Tuffy always considered that this elm played an important part in holding up the sky. Anyway, the sky didn't seem to have any OTHER visible means of support, so what else but the elm held it up there?

As he made his way down the gravel path that ran through the center of the yard, Jerry could hear a faint meowing somewhere off in the distance and above him. Tuffy was right. It was easy to tell that Tom was in trouble.

"He's 'way up there," said Tuffy, looking straight up the great trunk of the elm. All he could see were thick limbs and branches crisscrossing each other till they were lost in the dense foliage.

Jerry joined Tuffy, and the two of them stood there staring up and marveling at the hugeness and height of the tree.



"Do you think he'll EVER get down?" questioned Tuffy.

"He could get down easy enough," answered Jerry wryly. "All he has to do is LET GO!"

"Yeh, an' when he hit the ground he'd prob'ly lose all his nine lives at once," chuckled Tuffy. But he quickly caught himself and looked sympathetic again.

"Say, Tuff, I feel sorry for poor ol' Tom," said Jerry. I wish there was some way we could help him."

"I don't know what we can do," squeaked Tuffy. "It would take us at least four years to climb to the top of that tree. We could at least comfort him until someone comes to help—"

"Well, that's out too," said Tuffy. "He's too high up. He'd never hear us."

"I got it," said Jerry excitedly. "I know just how we can reach him without having to climb the tree."

"Okay, genius, give," said Tuffy.

"The airplane! Junior's toy airplane," cried Jerry. "We'll just wind up the rubber band motor and take off. I bet we'd reach him easy."

Tuffy looked at Jerry as though he were a mousetrap baited with poisoned cheese.

"The airplane?" cried Tuffy. "What do we know about flying an airplane? Neither of us ever took a lesson in his life!"

"Listen," said Jerry, "we've watched Junior fly the plane. There's nothing to it."

"But Junior wasn't IN the plane," answered Tuffy, triumphantly. "I don't mind flying the plane—from the ground."

"Okay, I'll do it alone," said Jerry firmly.

"You got me, pal" sighed Tuffy. "You know I wouldn't let you go up alone."

The two little mice ran back to the house and in practically no time had dragged the toy plane from Junior's room to underneath an open window overlooking the back yard.

"Drag it back a little farther," instructed Jerry. "We got to be sure it'll clear the window sill."

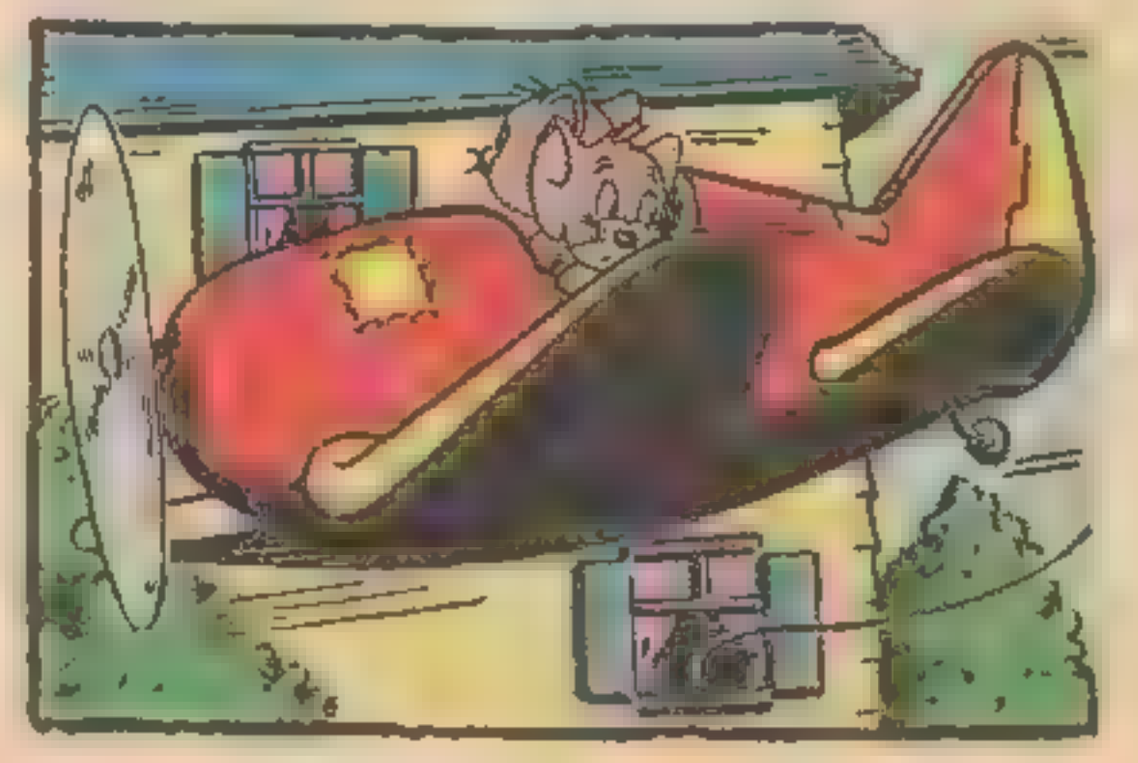
After struggling mightily they finally got the rubber band motor tightly wound up. Jerry then carefully adjusted the elevators and rudder.

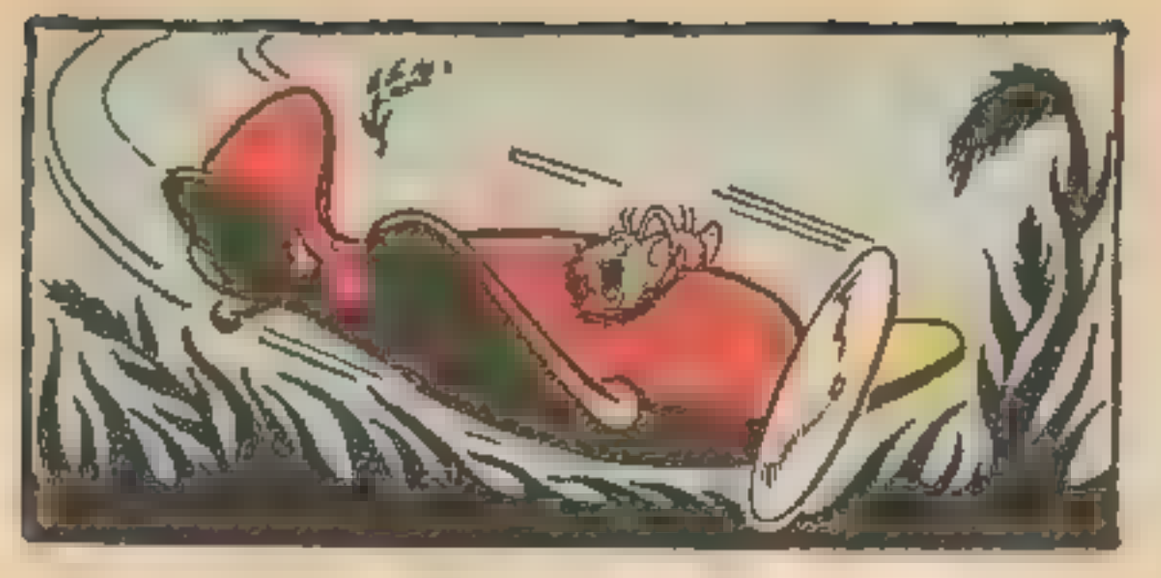
"Roger," shouted Jerry, as he leaped into the cockpit.

"Roger," answered Tuffy who was sitting on the nose holding the propeller.

Tuffy quickly released the propeller and jumped back into the cockpit with Jerry.

The little plane leaped forward with a roar and before its occupants knew it, they had shot out the window and were climbing at a steep angle toward the giant elm tree.





"Leggo, Tuff!" shouted Jerry above the roar of the motor. "This is no roller coaster."

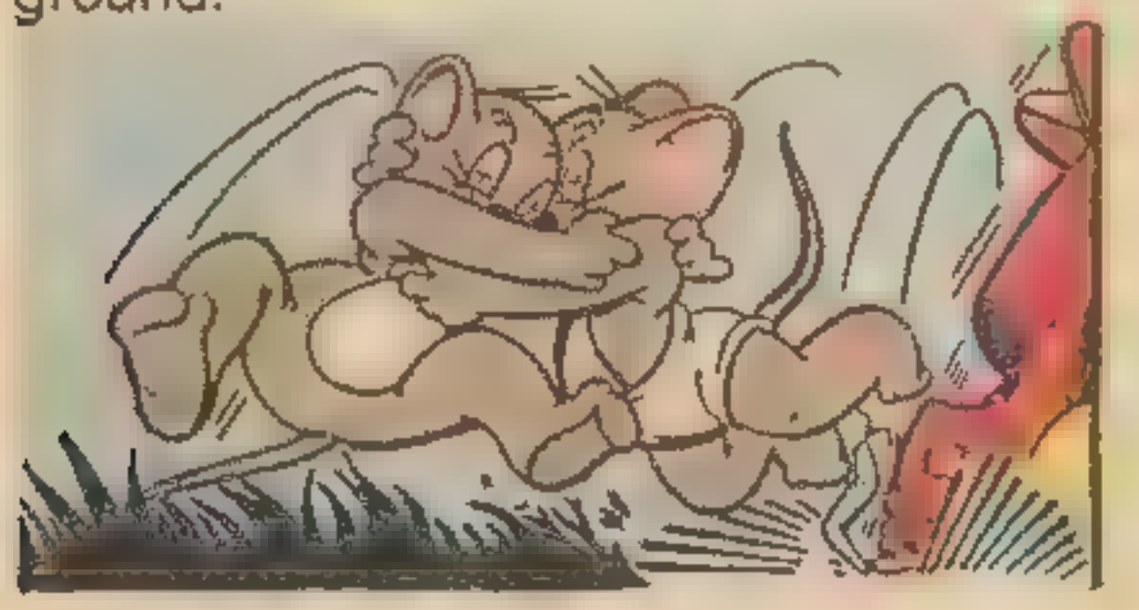
But Tuffy, who had thrown his arms around Jerry in a tight hug, held on and kept his eyes firmly shut.

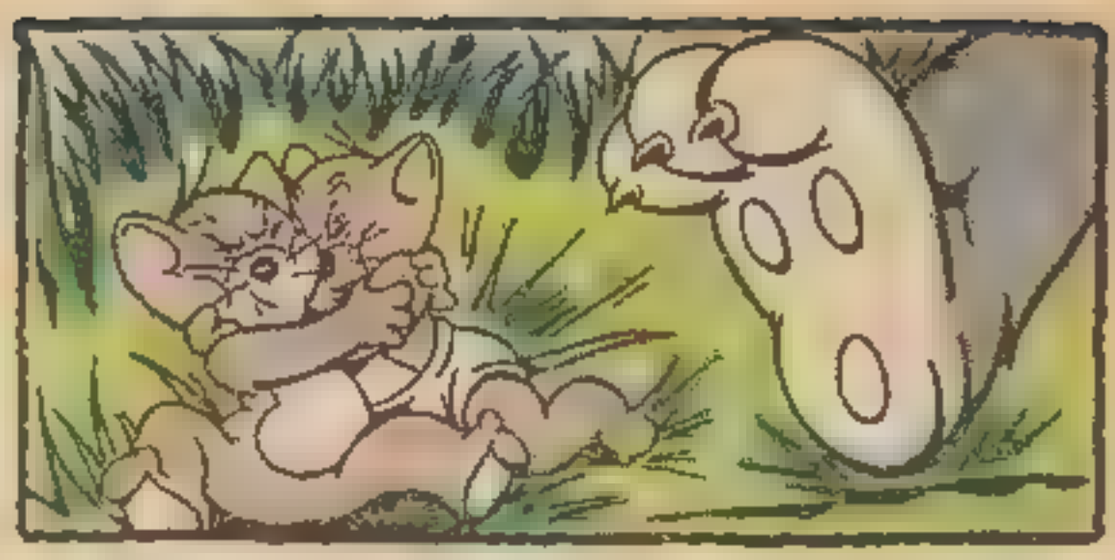
The plane looped in the air and dove toward the ground in a great circle. As the ground loomed larger and larger before him, Jerry closed his eyes and threw his arms around Tuffy.

The little plane missed the ground by inches and once again started to climb straight up in the air. But Jerry and Tuffy, their eyes closed tightly remained locked in each other's arms.

Meanwhile, Tom had decided that no one could hear his cries for help, so he started to back down the tree inch by inch. It seems that while cats have no trouble climbing UP trees and things, it's a great deal more troublesome coming down. But if a cat's cries for help aren't heeded, he'll usually come down by himself.

Tom was much too busy coming down the tree to notice the little airplane looping over the yard, and as sharp as his ears were he didn't even hear the crash when it struck the ground.





Finally Tom could feel the ground under his hind legs and he drew a long sigh of relief as he dropped on all fours.

"Never again," he muttered, as he turned away from the tree and started back to the house.

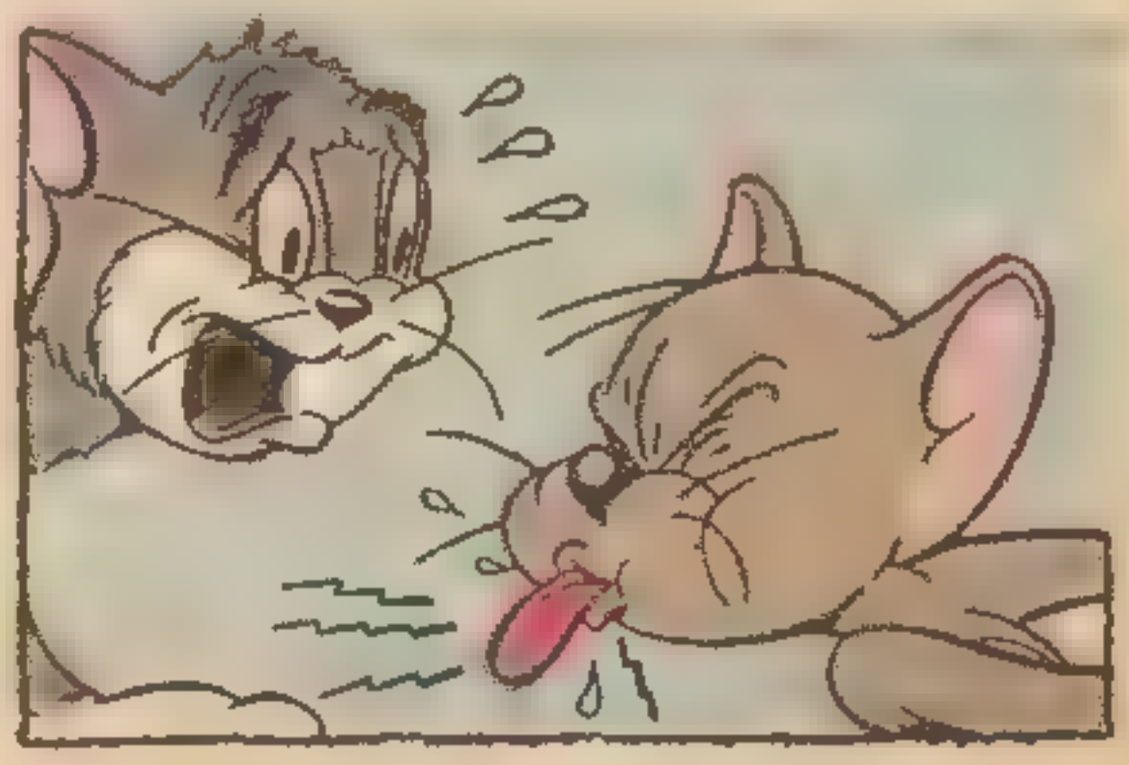
He almost stumbled over the two little figures huddled in the grass.

"Hey, what's goin' on here?" cried Tom in amazement. Then, his own recent experience forgotten, he burst out laughing.

Jerry's and Tuffy's eyes popped open at the same time. The two little mice were still locked in each other's arms. They quickly broke apart and blushed to the tips of their tails.

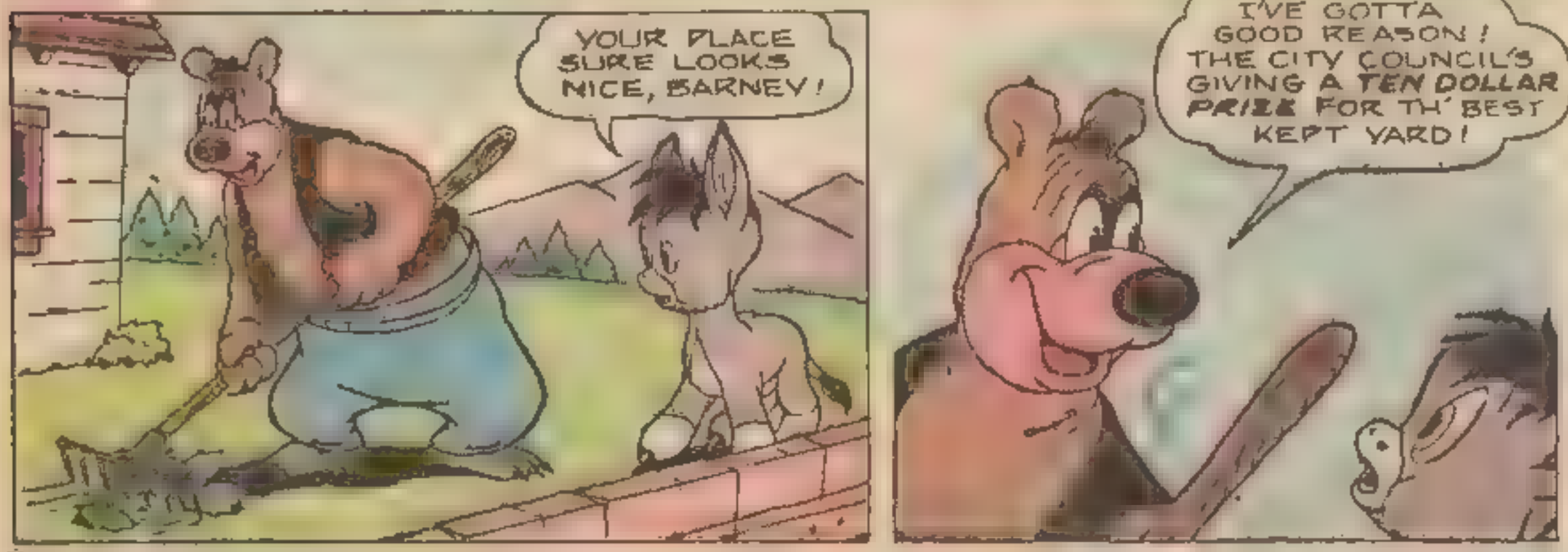
Tuffy recovered first and made a funny noise at Tom by sticking out his tongue and blowing. Then the two little would-be rescuers turned and scampered to the door and disappeared through the crack. Tom was very close behind but he couldn't fit through the crack.

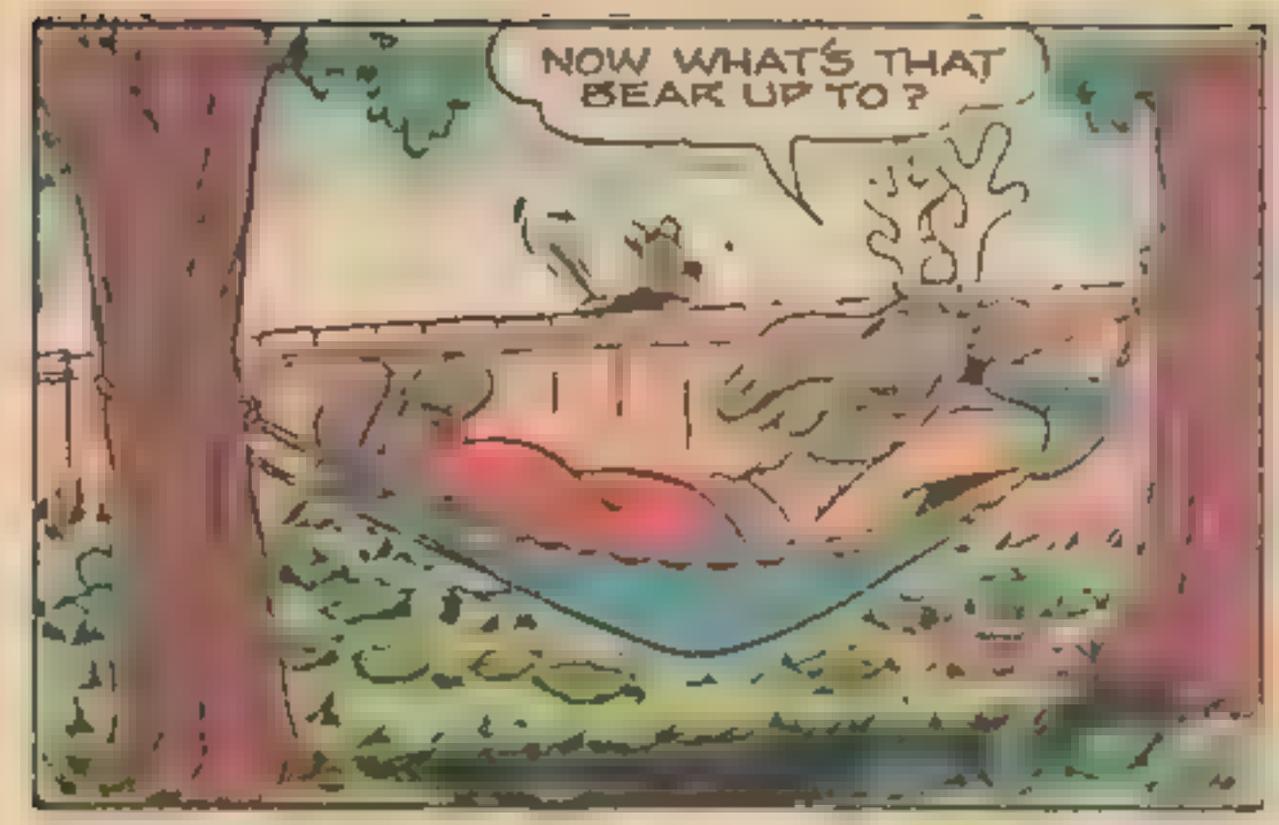
Tom had a lump on his head for almost a week.

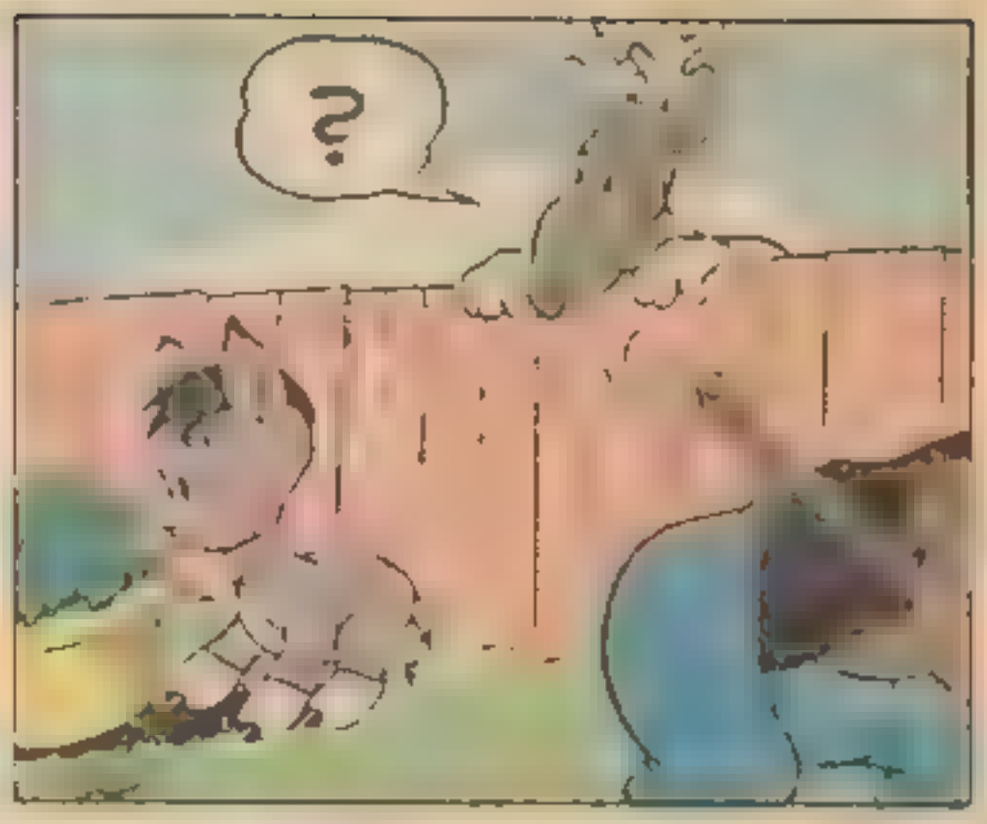


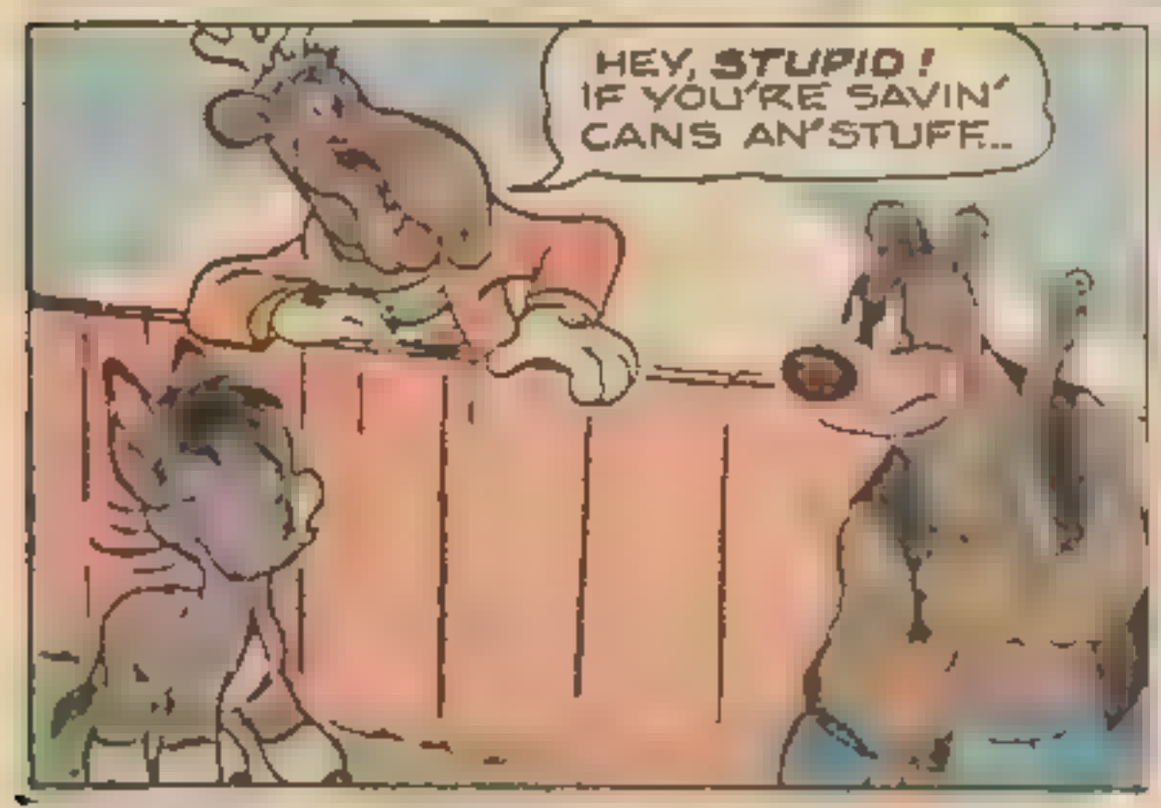
M·G·M· CARTOONS *present*

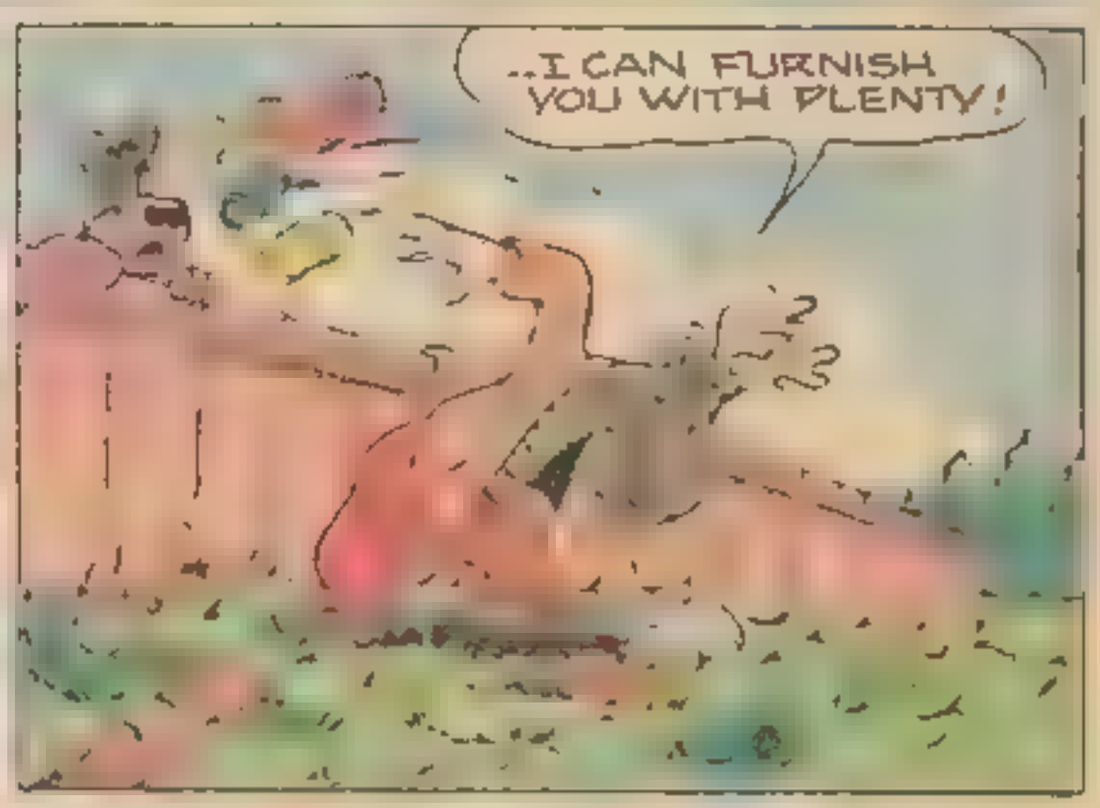
BARNEY BEAR *and* BENNY BURRO



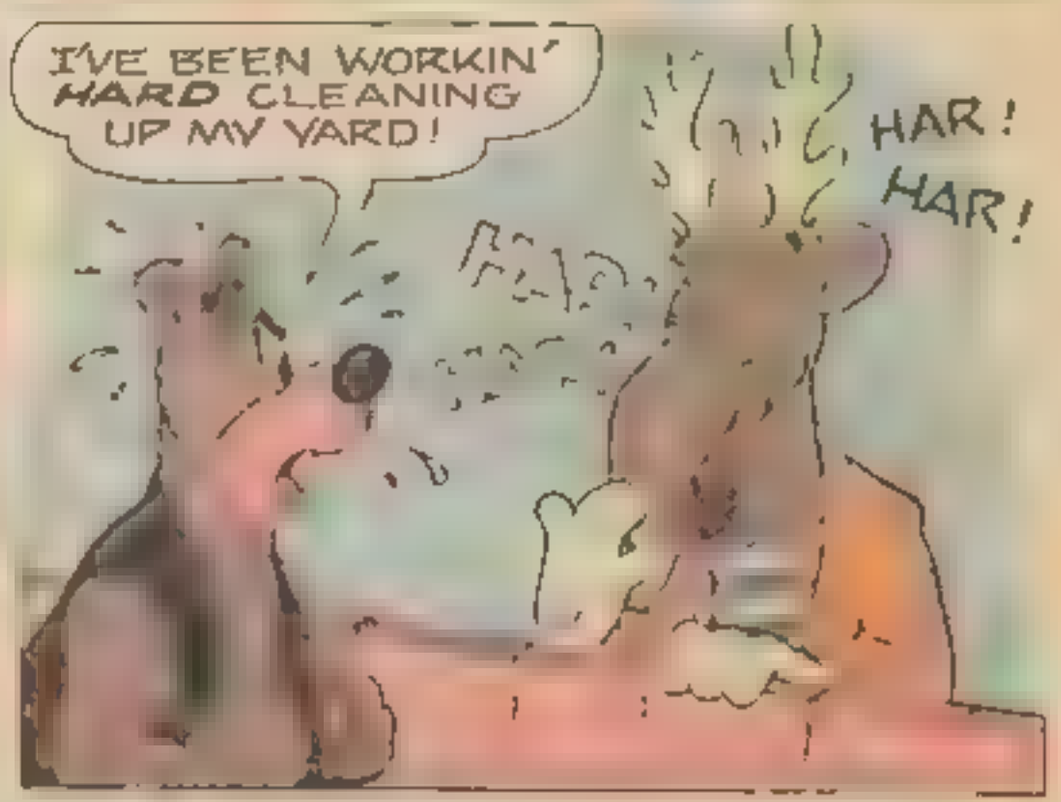

NOW WHAT'S THAT BEAR UP TO?

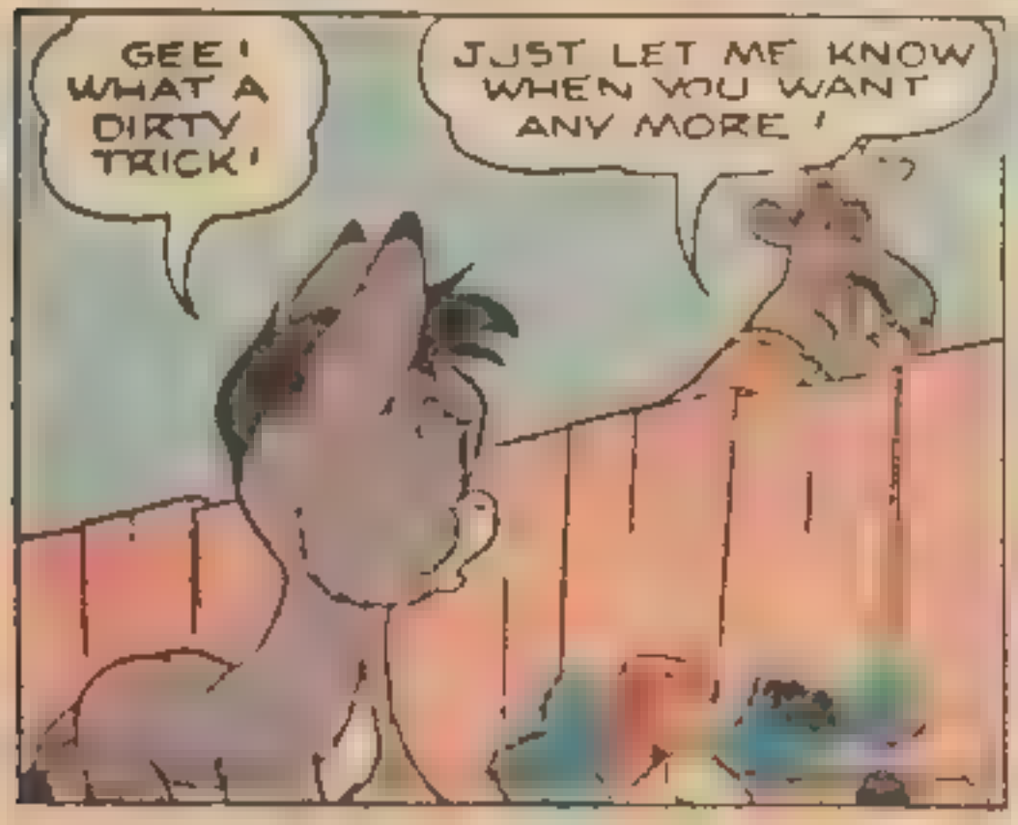

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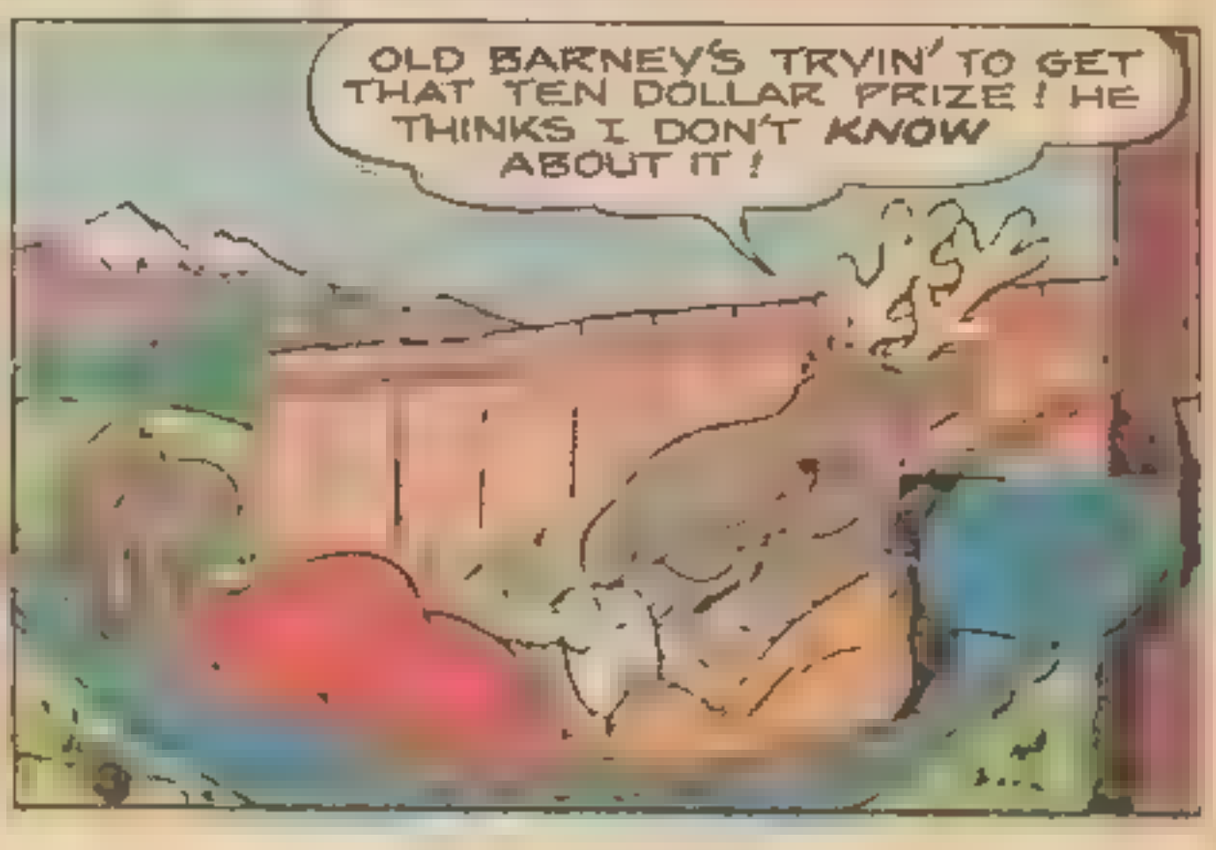

HEY, STUPID! IF YOU'RE SAVIN' CANS AN' STUFF...


...I CAN FURNISH YOU WITH PLENTY!


HEY! CUT IT OUT, MOOSEFACE!


I'VE BEEN WORKIN' HARD CLEANING UP MY YARD!
HAR! HAR!


GEE! WHAT A DIRTY TRICK!
JUST LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU WANT ANY MORE!


OLD BARNEY'S TRYIN' TO GET THAT TEN DOLLAR PRIZE! HE THINKS I DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT!

GOSH, WHAT A JOB THAT WAS!

NOBODY KNOWS EGGSACTLY! THAT'S A **SECRET!** IT'S SOMETIME TODAY, THOUGH!

THEY JUST POP IN UNEXPECTED LIKE!

THEY'VE GONE IN THE HOUSE! NOW, I'LL GET BUSY!

I'LL SWITCH MAILBOXES WITH HIM!

THERE! THEY'LL THINK MY PLACE IS BARNEY'S AN' HIS PLACE IS MINE!

BARNEY BEAR

NOW, LET THEM JUDGES COME!

I'LL FIX SOME GOOD EATS FOR THE JUDGES!

GUESS I'LL MAKE SOME LEMONADE!

AND HERE'S SOME COOKIES IN THE CUPBOARD!

COOKIES

HEY, BARNEY! THOSE MUST BE TH' JUDGES NOW, TALKIN' TO MOOSEFACE!

THEY'RE LOOKIN' AT HIS OLD MESSY YARD!

BOY! HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE!

THEY'RE PROBABLY BAWLIN' HIM OUT FOR NOT HAVIN' ANY CIVIC PRIDE!

AN' TELLIN' HIM HIS PLACE IS A DISGRACE!

YEAH!

SINCE YOU CAN'T BE BARNEY BEAR, YOU MUST BE MOOSEFACE MEELK!

MY! MY! TSK, TSK!

BARNEY BEAR

THAT I AM! AN' PROUD TO BE HIM, TOO!

THEN IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THE TEN DOLLAR PRIZE MONEY!

BARNEY BEAR

YOU HAVE THE BEST KEPT YARD WE'VE SEEN TODAY!

WELL... I TRY TO BE NEAT!

I WISH MORE PEOPLE WERE AS NEAT! THIS HAS BEEN A PLEASURE, MISTER McELK!

AND WE'RE GOING TO RECOMMEND A *TEN DOLLAR FINE* FOR BARNEY BEAR!

BARNEY BEAR

HEY! THEY JUST SHOOK HANDS, AN' NOW THEY'RE LEAVING!

HE MUST HAVE WON TH' PRIZE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

MOOSEFACE DID SOMETHING CROOKED! YOU CAN BET ON *THAT!*

CONGRATULATE ME BARNEY! I WON TH' PRIZE!

I WANT TA HAVE A *TALK* WITH YOU 'BOUT THAT!

ALL'S FAIR IN *LOVE* AND *WAR!*

AND THERE AIN'T NO *LOVE* BETWEEN US!

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT TH' PRIZE, BUT HE DID!

POOR BARNEY! HE WORKED SO HARD ON HIS YARD, TOO! THEN TO BE GYPPED OUT OF IT BY THAT CROOK!

I'VE GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING TO HELP BARNEY!

MOOSEFACE McELK

LOOK AT THAT! SO *THAT'S* HOW HE DID IT! MOOSEFACE SWITCHED MAILBOXES ON HIM!

MOOSEFACE McELK

AN' THE JUDGES THOUGHT *BARNEY* LIVED IN *THIS* MESSY PLACE!

MOOSEFACE McELK

BAR
BE

CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE BARNEY BEAR LIVES?

I'VE GOT AN ORDER FOR HIS *ARREST*! HIS YARD'S A FIRE HAZARD! AND *UNSANITARY*, TOO!

BARNEY BEAR

WHY, AH... ER... WELL, *THIS* IS HIS MAILBOX!

I'LL HAFTA TAKE YORE WORD FOR IT, SONNY! I'M A LEETLE MITE NEARSIGHTED!

THANK YE, SONNY! I CAN'T SEE AS GOOD AS I USTA!

I'M GLAD TO HELP YOU!

THAT MUST BE TH' CRITTER OVER THERE!

BARNEY BEAR, I'VE GOT AN ORDER TO ARREST YOU!

!!!!

I GOTTA TAKE YOU TO JAIL!

YOU MUST BE CRAZY! DO I LOOK LIKE A BEAR?

BARNEY BEAR LIVES NEXT DOOR! ANYBODY COULD TELL THAT I'M NOT A BEAR!

THE MAILBOX SAYS YOU'RE BARNEY BEAR!

I CHANGED TH' MAILBOXES AROUND, MYSELF!

OH HO! TAMPERING WITH GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, EH? THAT WILL BE ANOTHER CHARGE AGAINST YOU!

TELL THIS NUMBSKULL WHO I AM, BENNY!

I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! COME ALONG, YOU!

SNAP!

GOSH! LISTEN TO THAT NOISE! I WONDER WHAT ALL TH' RUCKUS IS!

?

HELLO...ER, AH MOOSEFACE!

PSST, BARNEY! PSST PSST! PSST!

TELL HIM WHO I AM! PLEASE!

WHY, SURE! YOU'RE MY OLD FRIEND... BARNEY BEAR!

!!!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ANY MORE! HE'LL CLEAN UP HIS YARD AFTER THIS! OR ELSE!

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR, MOOSE...ER, BARNEY!

AND THIS SURE AIN'T LOVE!

BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

M.G.M. CARTOONS PRESENT

WUFF the PRAIRIE DOG

TONIGHTS HALLOWEEN, SAMMY! SHALL WE GO ROUND AN' RING DOORBELLS?

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

YOU KNOW VERY WELL THERE ARENT ANY DOORBELLS OUT HERE ON THE PRAIRIE.!

I GUESS YOURE RIGHT.!

GEE.! I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING WE PRAIRIE FOLKS COULD DO TO HAVE SOME FUN TONIGHT.!

JEEPERS.! LOOK WHOS COMIN'.!

CHARLIE COYOTE - AN' BUTCH BADGER.!

WE'D BETTER STAY OUT OF SIGHT TILL THEY GET BY.!

SHHH.!

I TELL YA, BUTCH, I'M SKEERED STIFF, 'CAUSE TONIGHT IS HALLOWEEN.!

ME, TOO.! I'SE POWERFLL SKEERED O' SPOOKS.!

I'M SPECIALLY SKEERED O' LITTLE GOBLINS WID PUMPKIN HEADS.!

D-D-DON'T TH-THINK O' SECH TH-THINGS.!

IT'S OKAY NOW! THEY'RE GONE!

OH BOY! DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID, WUFF?

I SURE DID! DOES THAT GIVE YOU ANY IDEAS?

I'LL SAY IT DOES! HA! HA! LET'S GO OVER TO THE PUMPKIN PATCH RIGHT NOW!

'MOST EVERYONE IS SCARED OF SOMETHIN', AN NOW THAT WE KNOW WHAT CHARLIE'S AFRAID OF....

...WE'LL SCARE TH' DAYLIGHTS OUT OF HIM!

SURE! AN' IT'LL SERVE HIM RIGHT! HE'S SUCH A MEAN OL' COYOTE!

THERE! THAT OUGHTA DO IT!

LET'S TRY 'EM ON!

AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK, WE'LL GO TO CHARLIE'S CAVE AN' GIVE HIM THE FRIGHT OF HIS LIFE!

RIGHT! HA! HA!

HEE! HEE! THEY FELL FOR IT!

I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, CHARLIE! YOU'RE PLENTY SMART!

HO! HO! TONIGHT WE CELEBRATES HALLOWEEN BY FEASTIN' ON PRAIRIE DOG AND SQUIRREL STEW!

YUM! YUM!

LET'S TRY OUR COSTUMES ON MOM!

TEE HEE!

BOOO! BOOO!

WE'RE OUT TO GET YOU!

STOP GRINNING, WUFF, AND HELP ME PICK THESE BERRIES!

ER.... HOW'D YOU KNOW IT WAS ME, MOM?

MOTHERS KNOW A LOT OF THINGS! IT'S AWFULLY HARD TO FOOL A **MOTHER**, WUFF!

I'M GLAD **CHARLIE COYOTE'S** NOT A MOTHER!

WHAT ABOUT CHARLIE COYOTE?

WE'RE GONNA FOOL HIM TONIGHT, MOM!

SURE! HE'S SCARED OF **GOBLINS WITH PUMPKIN HEADS!**

YOU SHOULDN'T FRIGHTEN FOLKS WHO ARE **REALLY** AFRAID OF SPOOKS!

AW, MOM....

NO ARGUMENTS, WUFF! BESIDES, YOU BOYS ARE GOING TO BETTY BEAVER'S PARTY TONIGHT! NOW... HELP ME PICK THESE BERRIES!

GEE WHIZ!

THAT NIGHT...

BETTY IS COUNTING ON THAT BERRY PIE FOR HER PARTY TONIGHT./ BE CAREFUL AND DON'T DROP IT, WUFF./

I WILL, MOM./

GOSH, I WISH WE DIDN'T HAVE TO GO TO THAT OLD PARTY./

SO DO I./ IT'D BE LOTS MORE FUN TO SCARE CHARLIE COYOTE./

IT'S EARLY./ WHY DON'T WE GO OVER TO CHARLIE'S CAVE **FIRST** AN' **THEN** GO TO THE PARTY./

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'! LETS GO!

GOOD EVENING, MISSUS POSSUM./ DON'T TELL ME **YOU'RE** GOING OUT HALLOWEENING?

WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!

I'M GOING TO BETTY'S PARTY AND WATCH THE KIDDIES./ WHY DON'T YOU COME ALONG, TOO?

I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT HALLOWEEN WAS JUST FOR **LITTLE FOLKS!**

NOTHING LIKE A PARTY TO MAKE YOU FEEL **YOUNG** AGAIN!

I'LL DO IT./ I'VE GOT AN OLD COSTUME I HAVEN'T WORN IN YEARS./

MEANTIME...

THERE'S CHARLIE'S CAVE.!

I'LL GET THE PIE DOWN HERE WHILE WE SCARE HIM.!

NOW WE'LL SNEAK UP AN'....

BOOO, CHARLIE! BOOOO.!

WE'RE GOBLINS AN' WE'RE OUT TO GET YOU.!

HE... HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HOME.!

SHHH.! SOMEBODY'S COMIN'.! I'LL BET IT'S CHARLIE.!

QUICK.! HOP IN HERE.! WHEN HE COMES IN, WE'LL JUMP OUT AND SCARE HIM.!

WELL.! WELL.! IT WAS MIGHTY NICE O' SOMEBODY TO LEAVE THIS BERRY PIE OUTSIDE MY CAVE.!

!!!

OH DEAR.! HE'S FOUND MOM'S PIE.!

WE'D BETTER SCARE HIM QUICK BEFORE HE EATS ANY OF IT.!

BOOO.! BOOO.!

WE'RE GOBLINS AN' WE'RE OUT TO GET YOU.!

WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW.!. A COUPLE O' LITTLE GOBLINS!





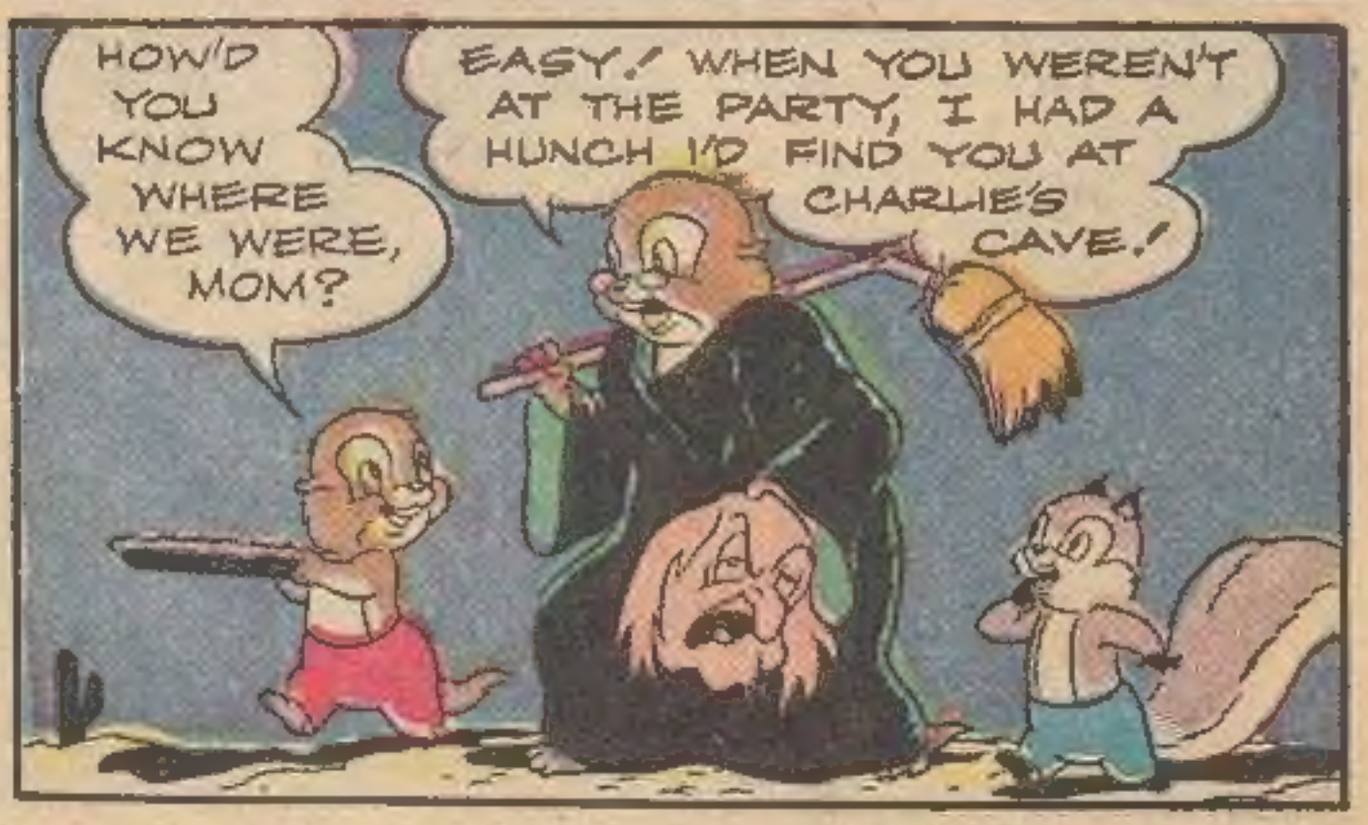












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